

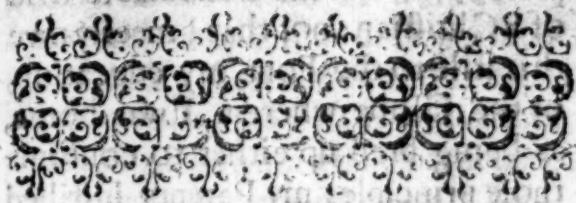


Printed for Andrew Crooke. 1642. *W. J. Crooke*



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RELIGIO MEDICI.

FOr my Religion, though there be severall circumstances that might perswade the world, that I have none at all, as the generall scandall of my profession, the naturall course of my studies, the indifferency of my behaviour, and discourse in matters of Religion, neither violently defending one, nor with that common ardour of contention opposing another; yet in despite hereof I dare, without usurpation,

A

pation, assume the honourable stile of a Christian: not that I meerly owe this stile to the Font, my education, or the Clime wherein I was borne, as being bred up either to confirme those principles my Parents instilled into my unweary understanding; or by a generall consent proceed in the Religion of my Countrey: But having, in my riper yeares, and confirmed judgement, seene and examined all, I finde my selfe obliged by the principles of Grace, and the law of my owne reason, to embrace no other name but this; neither doth herein my zeale so farre make me forget the generall charity I owe unto humanity, as rather to hate than pittie Turks, Infidels, and (what is worse) Jewes, rather contenting my selfe to enjoy that happy stile, than maligning those who refuse so glorious a title. But because the name of a Christian is become too generall to expresse our faith, there being a Geography

graphy of Religions as well as of Land, and every Climate distinguished not only by their lawes and limits, but circumscribed by their doctrines and rules of Faith: To be particular, I am of that reformed new-cast Religion, wherein I dislike nothing but the name, of the same believe that our Saviour taught, the Apostles disseminated, the Fathers authorised, and the Martyrs confirmed; but by the sinister ends of Princes, the ambition and avarice of Presbyters, and the fatall corruption of times so decayed, impaired, and fallen from its native beauty, that it required the carefull and charitable hand of the times to restore it to its primitive integrity: now the accidentall occasions whereon the slender meanes whereby the low and abject condition of the person by whom so good a work was set on foot, which in our adversaries beget contempt and scorn, fills me with wonder, and is the very

same objection the insolent Pagans first cast against Christ and his Disciples:

Yet have I not shaken hands with those desperate Resolvers, who had rather venture at large their decayed bottome, than bring her in to be new trimd in the dock; who had rather promiscuously retaine all, than abridge any, and obstinately be what they are, than what they have beene, as to stand in diameter and swords point with them: we have reformed from them, not against them; for omitting those impropriations and termes of scurrility betwixt us, which only difference our affections, and not our cause, there is betwixt us one common name and appellation, one faith, and necessary body of principles common to us both; and therefore I am not scrupulous to converse and live with them, to enter their Churches in defect of ours, and either pray with them, or for them: I

could

could never perceive any rational consequence from those many texts which prohibite the children of Israel to pollure themselves with the Temples of the Heathens; we being all Christians, and not divided by such detested impieties as might profane our prayers, or the place wherein we make them; or that a resolved conscience may not adore her Creator any where, especially in places devoted to his service; where if their devotions offend him, mine may please him, if theirs profane it, mine may hallow it; holy water and the Crucifix (dangerous to the common people) deceive not my judgement, nor abuse my devotion at all: I am, I confesse, naturally inclined to that, which misguided zeale termes superstition, my common conversation I do acknowledge austere, my behaviour full of vigour, sometimes not without morality; yet at my devotion I love to

use the civility of my knee, hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions, which may expresse, or promote my invisible devotion; I should cut off my arme, rather than violate a Church window, than deface or demolish the memory of a Saint or Martyr; at the sight of a Crosse or Crucifix I can dispence with my hat, but not with the thought or memory of my Saviour; I cannot laugh at the fruitlesse journeys of Pilgrims, or contemne the miserable condition of Friars; for though misplaced circumstances, there is something in it of devotion: I could never hear the *Ave Marie* Bell without an occasion, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for mee to erre in all, that is in silence and dumbe contempt; where therefore they directed their devotions to her, I offered mine to God, and rectified the errors of their prayers by rightly order

ring mine owne ; at a solemne procession I have wept abundantly, while my consorts, blinde with opposition and prejudice, have fallen into an accessse of scorne and laughter : there are questionlesse both in Greek, Roman, and African Churches, solemnities, and ceremonies, whereof the wiser zeales doe make a Christian use, and stand condemned by us ; not as evill in themselves, but as allurances and baits of superstition to those vulgar heads that looke asquint on the face of truth, and those unstable judgements that cannot consist in the narrow point and centre of justice, without a reele or stagger to the circumference. As there are many Reformers, so likewise many Reformationes ; every Countrey proceeding in a particular way and Method, according as their naturall interest with their constitution and clime inclined them, some angerly and with extremity, others calmly, and with me-
diocrity,

diocrity, not rending, but easily dividing the community, and leaving an honest possibility of reconciliation, which the peaceable Spirits doe desire, and may conceive that revolution of time, and mercies of God may effect; yet that judgement that shall consider the present antipathies between the two extreames, their contrarieties in affection and opinion, may with the same hope expect an union in the poles of Heaven; but to difference my selfe neerer, and draw into the lesser circle: There is no Church whose every part so squares unto my conscience, whose articles, constitutions, and customes seemes so consonant unto reason, and as it were framed to my particular devotion, as this whereof I hold my belief, the Church of *England*, to whose faith I am a sworne subject, and therefore in a double obligation, subscribe unto her Articles, and endeavour to observe her constitutions:

no man shall reach my faith unto a
former Article, or command my obe-
dience to a Canon more : whatsoever
is beyond us, as points indifferent, I
observe according to the rules of my
private reason, or the humor or fa-
shion of my devotions, neither be-
lieving this, because *Luther* affirmed
it, or disproving that, because *Calvin*
hath disavouched it, I condemne
not all things in the Councell of
Trent, nor approve all in the Synod
of *Dort* : In brieft, where the Scrip-
ture is silent, the Church is my Text,
where that speakes, 'tis but my com-
ment, where there is a joynt silence of
both, I borrow not the rules of my
Religion from *Rome* or *Geneva*, but
the dictates of my owne reason. It is
an unjust scandall of our adversaries,
and grosse error in our selves, to
compute the Nativity of our Religi-
on from *Henry* the eight, who though
he rejected the Pope, confuted not
the faith of *Rome*, and effected no
more

more than what his own Predecessor desired and assaied in ages past, and was conceived the State of *Venice* would have attempted in our daies.

It is as uncharitable a point in us to fall upon those popular scurrilities and approbious scoffes of the Bishop of *Rome*, to whom as to a temporall Prince, we owe the duty of a good language: I confesse there is cause of passion between us; by his sentence I stand excommunicated. Heretick is the best language he affords me; yet can no eare witnesse I ever returned to him the name of Antichrist, man of sin, or whore of *Babylon*; It is the method of charity to suffer without reaction: those usual Satyres, and invectives of the Pulpit may perchance produce a good effect on the vulgar, whose eares are opener to Rhetoricke than Logicke, yet doe they in no wise confirme the faith of wiser beleevers, who know that a good cause needs not to be patronised

patronised by a passion, but can
sustaine it selfe upon a temporate
dispute.

I could never divide my selfe from
any upon the difference of an opi-
nion, or be angry with his judgement
for not agreeing with me in that,
from which perhaps within a few
dayes I should discent my selfe: I
have no Genius to disputes in Reli-
gion, and have often thought it wis-
dome to decline them, and especial-
ly upon a disadvantage, or when the
cause of truth might suffer in the
weaknesse of my patronage: where
we desire to be informed, it is good
to contest with men above our selves;
but to confirme and establish our
opinions, tis best to agree with judge-
ments below our owne, that the fre-
quent spoiles and victories over
their reasons may settle in our selves
an esteeme, and confirme opinion of
our owne. Every man is not a proper
Champion for Truth, nor fit to take
up

up the Gantlet in the cause of Verity : Many from the ignorance of their Maximes, and an inconsiderate zeale to Truth, have too rashly charged the troubles of error, and remained as Trophies to the enemies of Truth. A man may bee in as just possession of Truth as of a City, and yet be forced to surrender ; tis therefore far better to enjoy with peace, than to hazzard her on a battell : If therefore there rise any doubts in my way, doe forget them, or at least defer them, till my better settled judgement and more manly reason bee able to resolve them ; for I perceive every mans owne reason is his best *Oedipus* and will upon a reasonable truce, find a way to loose those bonds where with subtilties of error have enchained our more flexible and tender judgements. In Philosophy where truth seemes double forced, there is no man more paradoxicall than my selfe; but in Divinity I keep the road

and though not in an implicate, yet
on an humble faith, follow the great
bee of the Church, by which I
move; not reserving any proper poles
in my motion from the epicicle of my
owne braine; by this meanes I leave
no gap for Heresies, Schismes, or
errors, of which at present, I shall
injure Truth to say I have no taint
or tincture; I must confesse my gree-
ner studies have been polluted with
, two or three, not any begotten in
the latter Centuries, but old and abso-
lute, such as could never have been re-
moved, but by such extravagant and ir-
regular heads as mine; for indeed He-
resies perish not with their Authors,
but like the River *Arctusa*, though
they loose their currents in one place,
they rise up againe in another: one
Generall Councell is not able to ex-
terminate one single Heresie, it may be
cancelled for the present, but revolu-
tion of time and the like aspects,
from Heaven, will restore it when
it

it will flourish till it be condemned
again; for as though there were
Metempsychosis, and the soule of one
man passed into another; opinions
doe finde after revolutions, men and
minde like those that first began
them. To see our selves we need not
look for *Platoes* yeares, every man
not only himselfe; there have been
many *Diogenes*, and as many *Timon*
though but few of that name; men
are lived over againe, the world
now as it was in the age past; there
was none then, but there have been
some since that parels him, and is
it were his revived selfe. Now the
first of mine was that of the *Arabians*,
that the soules of men perished
with their bodies, but yet should be
raised againe at the last day; not that
I did absolutely conceive a mortality
of the soule; but if that were, which
faith, nor Philosophy can throughly
disprove, & that both entred the grave
together, yet I hold the same conceit
thereof

whereof that we all doe of the body,
that it shall rise againe, surely it is
out the merits of our unworthy na-
tures, if we sleep in darknesse, untill
the last alarm. A serious reflex up-
on my owne unworthinesse did make
me backward from challenging this
privilege unto my soule, so I
might enjoy my Saviour at the last:
I would with patience be nothing al-
most unto eternity. The second was
that of the *Chiliasst*, that God would
not persist in his vengeance forever,
but after a definite time of his wrath
he would release the damned soules
from torture; which error I fell in-
to upon a serious contemplation of
the great attribute of Gods mercy,
and did a little cherish it in my selfe,
because I found therein no malice,
and a ready weight to sway me from
the other extream of dispaire, where-
unto melancholly and contempla-
tive natures are too easily dispo-
sed. A third there is which I did
never

never positively maintaine or practice, but have often wished it had been consonant to Truth, and not offensive to my Religion, and that is the prayer for the dead, whereunto I was enclined by an excesse of charity; whereby I thought the number of the living too small an object of devotion; I could scarce containe my prayers for a friend at the ringing of a Bell, or behold his corpes without an oration for his soule: Twas a good way me thought to be remembered by Posterity, and far more noble than a History. These opinions I never maintained with pertinacy, or endeavour to inveagle any mans belief to mine, nor so much as ever revealed or disputed them with my dearest friends by which means I neither propagated them in others nor confirmed them in my selfe, but suffering them to flame upon their owne substances, without addition of new fuell, they went out insensibly

of themselves ; therefore those opi-
nions, though condemned by lawfull
Counsels, were not Heresies in mee,
without bare Errors , and single Lapses of
my understanding, without a joynt
depravity of my will : Those have
not only depraved understanding,
but diseased affections, which can-
not enjoy a singularity without a
Heresie, or be the author of an opi-
nion, without they bee of a Sect al-
so ; this was the villany of the first
Schisme of *Lucifer*, who was not con-
tent to erre alone, but drew into his
faction many Legions of Spirits ; and
upon this experience he tempted
only *Eve*, as well understanding the
communicable nature of sin, and that
to deceive but one, were tacitely and
upon consequence to delude them
both : As for the wingy mysteries in
Divinity , and ayery subtilties in
Religion, which have unhinged the
raines of better heads, they ne-
ver stretched the *Pia Mater* of mine ;

me thinks there be not impossibilities enough in Religion for an active faith; the deepest mysteries ours contains, have not only been illustrated but maintained by sillogisme, and the rule of reason : I love to loose my selfe in a mystery to pursue my reason to my oh *altitudo*. Tis my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved ænigma's and riddles of the Trinity, incarnation and resurrection. I can answer all the objections of Satan ; and my rebellious reason, with that odde resolution I learned of *Tertullian*, *Certum est quia impossibile est* , I desire to exercise my faith in the difficultest point, for to credit ordinary and visible objects is not faith , but persuasion. Some beleeve the better for seeing Christ his Sepulchre, and when they have seene the Red Sea, doubt not of the miracle. Now contrarily I blesse my selfe , and am thankfull that I lived not in the daies of miracles

miracles, that I never saw Christ nor his
Disciples; I would not have beene
one of those Israelites that passed
the Red Sea, nor one of Christs Pa-
tients, on whom hee wrought his
wonders; then had my faith beene
thrusted upon me, nor should I enjoy
that greater blessing pronounced to
all that believe and saw not. Tis an
easie and necessary beliefe to credit
what our eye and sense hath exami-
ned: I believe he was dead, and buri-
ed, and rose againe, and desire to see
him in his glory, rather then to con-
template him in his Coenotaphe, or
sepulchre. Nor is this much to be-
lieve, as we have reason, we owe this
faith unto History: they only had
the advantage of a bold and noble
faith, who lived before his comming,
who upon obscure propheties and
mysticall Types could raise a be-
liefe; and expect apparant impossi-
bilities. Tis true, there is an edge in
this firme beliefe, and with an easie
les

B 2 Metaphor

Metaphor we may say the sword of faith; but in those obscurities I rather use it, in the adjunct the Apostle gives it, a Buckler; under which I perceive the wary combatant may lie invulnerable. Since I was of understanding to know we knew nothing, my reason hath been more pliable to the will of faith; I am now content to understand a mystery without a rigid definition in an easie and Platonick description. That allegorickall description of *Hermes* pleases me beyond all the metaphisicall definitions of Divines, where I cannot satisfy my reason, I love to hammer my fancy; I had as leiv you tell me that *anima est angelus hominis, est Corpus Dei* as *Entelechia* *Lux est umbra Dei*, as *actus perspicuus* where there is an obscurity too deep for our reason, tis good to set down with a description a periphrasis, or adumbration; for by acquainting our reason how unable it is to display the

visibl

visible and obvious effect of nature;
it becomes more humble and sub-
missive to the subtilties of faith: and
thus I teach my haggard and unre-
claimed reason to stoope unto the
nature of faith. I believe there was al-
ready a tree whose fruit our unhappy
parents tasted, though in the same
Chapter, when God forbids it, tis
positively said, the plants of the field
were not yet growne; for God had
not caused it to raine upon the earth.
I beleeeve that the Serpent (if we shall
litterally understand it from his pro-
per forme and figure) made his mo-
tion on his belly before the curse:
I finde the triall of the Pusillage and
Virginity of women, which God or-
dained the Jewes, is very fallible; ex-
perience, and History informes mee,
that not only many particular wo-
men, but likewise whole Nations
have escaped the curse of child-
birth, which God seemes to pro-
nounce upon the whole Sex; yet

doe I beleeeve that all this is true ; indeed my reason would perswade me it is false ; and this I think is no vulgar part of faith to believe a thing not only above, but contrary to reason, and against the arguments of our proper senses.

In my solitary and retired imagination, *Neque enim cum porticus aule melectulus accipit desum mihi* ; I remember I am not alone, and therefore forget not to contemplate him and his attributes who is ever with me, especially those two mighty ones, his wisdom and eternity ; with the one I recreate, with the other I confound my understanding : who can speake of eternity without a solacisme, or think thereof without an extasie ? Time we may comprehend tis but five daies elder then our selves and hath the same Horoscope ; but to retire so far back as to apprehend a beginning, to give such an infinite start forward, as to conceive an end

in an essence that we affirme hath
neither the one nor the other ; its
reason to Saint *Pauls* Sanctuary ; my
Philosophy dares not say the Apo-
stles can doe it ; God hath not made
a creature that can comprehend him,
tis the priviledge of his owne nature,
I am that I am, was his owne defini-
tion unto *Moses* ; and twas a short
one, to confound mortality, that durst
question God, or aske him what he
was ; indeed he only is what others
have and shall be, but in eternity no
distinction of senses ; and therefore
that terrible terme *Predestination*,
which hath troubled so many weake
heads to conceive, and the wisest to
expl:in, is in respect to God no pre-
scious determinarion of our estates
to come, but a definitive blast of his
will already fulfilled, and at the in-
stant that he first decreed it ; for to
this eternity which is indivisible, the
last Trumpe is already sounded, the
reprobates in the flame, and the bles-

fed in *Abrahams* bosome.

Saint Peter speakes modestly when hee saith, a thousand yeares to God are but as one day, for to speake like a Philosopher, those continued instances of time which flow into a thousand yeares, make not to him one moment; what to us is to come to his Eternity is present, his whole duration being but one permanent point without successions, parts, flux, or division; there is no Attribute that adds more difficulty to the mystery of the Trinity, where tho in a relative way of Father and Son, we must deny a priority. I wonder how *Aristotle* could conceive the world eternally, or how hee could make good two Eternities: his similitude of a Triangle, comprehended in a square, doth somewhat illustrate the Trinity of our soules, and that the Triple Unity of God; for there is in us not three, but a Trinity of soules, because there is in us, if not three distinct
soules,

ables, yet differing faculties that
can, and doe subsist in different sub-
jects; and yet in us are so united as
to make but one soule and substance;
if one soule were perfectly three di-
stinct bodies, that were a pretty Tri-
nity: conceive the distinct number of
three, not divided nor separated by
the intellect, but actually comprehen-
ded in its Vnity, and that is a perfect
Trinity. I have often admired the
mysticall way of *Pythagoras*, and the
secret Magicke of numbers; beware
of Philosophy, is a precept not to bee
deceived in a narrow sense; for in this
masse of nature there is a set of things
that carry in their front, though
not in capitall letters, yet in steno-
graphy, and short Characters, some-
thing to Divinity, which to wiser
reasons serve as Lumenaries in the
abyss of knowledge, and to judicious
reliefe, as scales and roundles to
ascend the pinnacles and highest pie-
ces of Divinity. The severe Schooles
shall

shall never laugh me out of the Philosophy of *Hermes*, that this visible world is but a picture of the invisible wherein as a pourtract, things are not truly, but in equivocall shapes; as if they counterfeited some more real substance in that invisible fabric. That other attribute wherewith he recreate my devotion, is his wisdom in which I am happy; and for the contemplation of this onely, doe I not repent me that I was bred in this way of study: The advantage I have of the vulgar, with the content and happinesse I conceive therein, is ample recompence for all my endeavours, in what part of knowledge he ever: I know he is wise in all, wonderful in what we conceive, but far more in what we comprehend not, for we behold him but asquint upon his flex or shadow; our understanding is diviner than *Moses* his eye, we are ignorant of the backparts, or lower side of his Divinity; therefore to per
in

Photo the maze of his Councils, is not
fibly folly in Man, but presumption
fible Angels, like as they are his ser-
vants, not servators; hee holds no
councell, but that mysticall one of
the Trinity, wherein though there be
three persons, there is but one minde
with that decrees, without contradiction,
nor needs he: any his actions are not
egot with deliberation, his wisdom
naturally flowes, what best; his
ntellect stands ready fraught with
the superlative and purest Idea's of
at goodness; consultations and electi-
ions, which are two motions in us, are
nded at one in him; his actions springing
ge from his power, at the first touch of
his will.

These are Contemplations Me-
taphisicall, my humble speculations
have another Method, and are con-
ingent to trace and discover those
expressions he hath left in his crea-
tures, and the obvious effects of na-
ture, there is no danger to propound
those

those mysteries, no *Sanctum sanctorum* in Philosophy : The world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man : tis the debt of our reason we owe to God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts ; without this the world is as though it had not been, or as it were before at the first when there was not a creature that could conceive or say there was a world. The wisdom of God receives no honour from the vulgar heads, that rudely stare about, and with a grosse rudeness, admire his works ; those only magnifie him whose judicious enquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a learned and devout admiration. There is but one first, and foure second causes of all things : some are without efficient, as God ; others without matter, as Angels ; some without forme, as the first matter, but every Essence, created or uncreated

increated, hath its finall cause, and
some positive end both of its Ef-
fidence and operation; This is the
cause I grope after in the works of
God's Creature, on this hangs the providence
of God; to raise so beautilous a
structure, as the world and the crea-
tures thereof, was but his Art, and
their fundry divided operations with
their predestinated ends, are from
the treasury of his wisdom. In the
causes, nature, and affection of the
Eclipse of the Sun and Moone, there
is most excellent speculation; but to
propound farther, and to contemplate
the reason why his providence hath so
disposed and ordered their motions
in that vaste circle, as to conjoyne
and obscure each other, is a sweet
piece of reason, and a diviner point
of Philosophy; therefore there ap-
peares to me as much divinity in
Galen his Book *De usu partium*, as in
Suarez Metaphisicks: had Aristotle
been as curious in the enquiry of this
cause

cause as he was of the other, he had not left behinde him an imperfect piece of Philosophy, but an absolute tract of Divinity.

Natura nihil agit frustra, is the only and indisputable axiome in Philosophy, there is no *Grotesco* in nature, nor any thing framed to fill up empty cantons, and unnecessary spaces in the most imperfect creatures, such as were not preserved in the Arke, but having their seeds and principles in the wombe of nature, are every where where the power of the Sun is, in those is the wisdom of his hand discovered: Out of this ranke *Solomon* chose the object of his admiration, indeed what wisdom may not goe to schoole to the wisdom of Bees, Aunts, and Spiders? what wise hand teacheth them to doe what reason cannot teach us? while ruder heads stand amazed at those prodigious pieces of nature, as Elephants, Dromidaries, and
Camels;

Camels ; these I confesse, are the Colossus and Majestick pieces of her hand ; but in these narrow Engines there is more curious Mathematicks, & the civility of these little Citizens, more nearly sets forth the wisdom of their Maker ; who admires not *Regio Montanus* his Fly beyond his Eagle, or wonders not more at the operation of two soules in those little bodies, than but one in the trunk of a Cedar. I could never content my contemplation with those generall pieces of wonders, the flux and reflux of the sea, the encrease of Nile, the conversion of the Needle to the North, and have studied to match and paralell those in the more obvious and neglected pieces of Nature, which without further travell I can doe in the Cosmography of my selfe ; we carry with us the wonders, we seeke without us : There is all *Africa*, and all her prodigies within us ; we are that bold and
adventurous

adventurous piece of nature, which he that studies wisely, learns in a *compendium*, what others labour at in a divided piece and endlesse volume. Thus there are two bookes from whence I collect my Divinity, besides that written one of God; another of his servant Nature, that universall and publique Manuscript, that lies exposed to the eyes of all those that never saw him in the one, have discovered him in the other: This was the Scripture and Theology of the Heathens; the naturall motion of the Sun made them more admire him, than his supernaturall station did the Children of Israel; the ordinary effect of nature wrought more admiration in them, than in the other all his miracles, surely the Heathens knew better how to joyne and read these mysticall letters, than wee Christians, who cast a more common eye on those Hieroglyphicks, and disdain to suck Divinity from the
flowers

flowers of nature, nor doe I forget
God, as to adore the name of Na-
ture, which I define not with the
Schooles, the principles of motion
and rest, but that straight and regular
line, that settled and constant course
the wisdom of God hath ordained to
guide the actions of his creatures, ac-
cording to their severall kinds: to
make a revolution every day is the na-
ture of the Sun, because that necessary
course which God hath ordained it,
from which it cannot swarve, by the
faculty of the voice which first did
give it motion. Now this course of
Nature God seldome alters or per-
verts, but like an excellent Artist hath
so contrived his work, that with the
self same instrument, without a new
creation he may effect his obscurest
designes. Thus he sweeteneth the water
with a wood, preserveth the creatures
in the Arke, which the blast of his
mouth might have as easily created:
for God is like a skilfull Geometri-

cian, who when more easily, and with one stroke of his Compasse, he might describe, or divide a right line, had yet rather doe this in a circle or longer way, according to the constituted and aforesaid principles of his art: yet this rule of his he doth sometimes pervert, to acquaint the world with his prerogative, lest the arrogancy of our reason should question his power, and conclude hee could not; and thus I call the effects of Nature the works of God, whose hand and instrument she only is; and therefore to ascribe his actions also unto her, is to devolve the honour of God, the principall agent, upon the instrument; which if with reason we may doe, then let our hammers rise up and boast they have built our houses, and our pens receive the honour of our writings. I hold therefore a generall beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind or species of creature whatsoever.

ith soever : I cannot tell by what Logicke we call a Toad, a Beare, or an Elephant, ugly, they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best expresse the actions of their internall formes ; and having past that generall visitation of God, who saw that all that he had made was good ; that is, conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty ; there is no deformity but in monstrosity, whereof notwithstanding there is a kinde of beauty, Nature so ingeniously contriving the irregular parts, as they become sometimes more remarkable than the principall fabrick. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never yet any thing ugly, or mishapen, but the Chaos, wherein notwithstanding to speake strictly, there was no deformity, because no forme by the voice of God : Now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature ; they being both the servants of his providence :

vidence: Art is the perfection of Nature. Were the world now as it was the sixt day, there were yet a Chaos: Nature hath made one world, and Art another. Inbriefe, all things are artificiall, for nature is the Art of God: This is the ordinary and open way of his providence, which art and industry have in a good part discovered, whose effects we may foretell without an Oracle; To foresheew these is no Prophecie, but Prognostication. There is another way full of Meanders and Labyrinths, whereof the Devils and Spirits have no exact Ephemerides, & that is a more particular and obscure method of his providence directing the operations of individuals and single Essences; this we call Fortune, that serpentine and crooked line, whereby he drawes those actions that his wisdom intends in a more unknown and secret way; this cryptick and involved method of his providence have I ever admired

nor can I relate the history of my life,
 s in the occurrences of my daies, the
 et escapes of dangers, and hills of chance
 orld with a *Bezo los Manos*, to Fortune,
 or a bare gramercy to my starres:
 t of *Abraham* might have thought the
 per *Ram* in the thicker came thither by
 and accident; humane reason would have
 ver said that meere chance conveyed
 ith *Moses* into the Arke to the sight of
 e is *Pharaobs* daughter; what a Labyrinth
 on is there in the story of *Ioseph*, able to
 den convert a Stoick, surely there are in
 evil every mans life some rubs and wrin-
 mes, which passe a while under the
 and effects of chance, but at the last, well
 nce examined, prove the meere hand of
 ivi God: Twas not a meere chance to
 we discover the or
 oo Powder Treason by a miscarriage of
 of the letter. I like the victory of 88
 s in the better for that one occurrence
 th which our enemies imputed to our
 his dishonour, and the partiality of For-
 tune, to wit, the tempests and con-
 no

trarieties of winds. King *Philip* did not detract from the Nation, though he said, he sent his Armado to fight with men, and not to combat with the winde. Where there is a manifest disproportion between the powers and forces of two severall agents upon a maxime of reason we may promise the victory to the superiour but when unexpected accidents intervene, and unthought of occurrences intervene, these must proceed from power that owes no obedience to those axioms: where, as in the writing upon the wall, we behold the hand, but see not the spring that moves it. The success of that petty Province of Holland (of which the Grand Seignieur proudly said, That if they should trouble him as they did the Spaniard, he would send his men with shovels and pick-axes and throw it into the Sea) I cannot altogether ascribe to the ingenuity and industry of the people, but to the mercy of God
tha

that hath disposed them to such a
thriving *Genius* ; and to the will of
his providence , that disposeth her
favour to each countrey in their pre-
ordinate season. All cannot be hap-
py at once, because the glory of one
State depends upon the ruine of an-
other: there is a revolution and vi-
cissitude of their greatnesse , and
must obey the swinge of that wheel,
not moved by their intelligences, but
by the hand of God, whereby all
Estates rise to their Zenith and ver-
ticall points , according to their
predestinated periods. For the lives
not onely of men, but of Common-
weals, and the whole world, run not
upon an Helix that still enlargeth,
but on a Circle, where arriving to
their Meridian , they decline in ob-
scurity , and fall under the Horizon
again. These must not therefore be
named the effects of nature, but in a
relative way, as we terme the workes
of nature. It was the ignorance of

mans reason that begat this very name, and by a carelesse terme mis- called the providence of God : for there is no liberty for causes to operate in a loose and stragling way, nor any effect whatsoever, but hath its warrant from some universall or superiour cause. 'Tis not ridiculous devotion, to say a Prayer before a game at Tables ; for even in the *sortileger* and matters of the greatest uncertainty, there is a settled and preordained course of effects ; 'tis we that are blind, and not fortune : because our eye is too dim to discover the mystery of her effects, we foolishly paint her blind and hoodwinkt ; that is the providence of Almighty God. I cannot justifie the contemptible Proverb, *That fools onely are fortunate* ; or that insolent Paradox, *That a wise man is out of the reach of fortune* ; much less those opprobrious Epithites of Poets, *whore*, *Baud*, and *Strumpet*. 'Tis I confesse the common fate of

every man, and singular gift of mind, to be
dis-stitute of fortune; which doth not
in any way deject the spirit of wiser
judgments, who thoroughly under-
stand the justice of this proceeding;
and being enriched with higher do-
minatives, cast a more carelesse eye on
these vulgar parts of felicity. 'Tis a
most unjust ambition, to desire to en-
grosse the mercies of the Almighty,
or to be content with the goods of
the mind, without a possession of those
of body or fortune: and 'tis an error
worse than heresie, to adore the com-
pound elementall and circumstantiall piece
of felicity, and undervalue those per-
fections and essentiall points of hap-
pinesse, wherein we resemble our
Maker. To wiser desires 'tis satisfac-
tion enough to deserve, though not
to enjoy the favours of fortune; let
such providence provide for fooles: 'tis
not partiality, but equity in God,
who deals with us but as our naturall
parents; those that are able of body
and

and mind, he leaves to their desert
to those of weaker merits he imparts
a larger portion, and pieces out the
defect of the one with the excess of
the other. Thus have we no just
quarrell with Nature, for leaving us
naked, or to envie the horns, hooves,
skins, and furs of other creatures, be-
ing provided with reason, that can
supply them all. We need not labour
with so many arguments to
confute judiciall Astrology; for
there be a truth therein, it doth not
injure Divinity; if to be born under
Mercury disposeth us to be witty,
under *Iupiter* to be wealthy, I do not
owe a knee unto these, but unto the
mercifull hand that hath ordered
indifferent and uncertain nativity
to such benevolous aspects. Those
that hold that all things were governed
by fortune had not erred, had
they not persisted there: The Ro-
mans that erected a Temple to For-
tune, acknowledged God therein
though

though in a blind way, somewhat of
Divinity; for in a wise mans suppu-
tation all things begin and end in the
Almighty. There is a neerer way to
heaven then *Homers* chaine; an easie
Logick may conjoyne heaven and
earth in one argument, and with lesse
than A sorites resolve all things in-
to God. For though we Christen
effects by their most sensible and nea-
rest causes, yet it is God the true and
infallible cause of all, whose con-
course though it be generall, yet
doth it subdivide it selfe into the
particular actions of every thing, and
is that spirit, by which each singular
essence not onely subjects, but per-
formes its operation. The bad con-
struction and perverse comment on
those paire of second causes, or visi-
ble hands of God, have perverted the
devotion of many unto Atheisme;
who forgetting the honest advises of
Faith, have listened unto the conspi-
racie of Passion and Reason. I have
there-

therefore alwayes endeavoured to
compose those fewds and angry
dissentions between affection, faith
and reason: For there is in our soules
a kind of Triumvirate, or Tripartite
government of three competitors
which distract the peace of this our
Common-wealth, not lesse than did
that other the State of Rome.

As Reason is a rebell unto Faith
so passion unto Reason: As the propo-
sitions of Faith seeme absurd unto
Reason, so the Theorems of Reason
unto Passion; and both unto Reason
yet a moderate and peaceable discer-
tion may so state and order the mat-
ter, that they may be all Kings, and
yet make but one Monarchy, every
one exercising his Sovereignty and
Prerogative in a due time and place
according to the restraint and limit
of circumstance. There is, as in
Philosophy so in Divinity, sturdy
doubts, and boysterous objections
wherewith the unhappinesse of our
knowledge

knowledge too neerly acquainteth
s. More of these no man hath
known than my selfe, which I con-
fesse I conquered, not in a martiall
posture, but on my knees: Neither
had these ever such advantage of me,
as to encline me to any desperate
points or positions of Atheisme; for
have been these many years of opi-
nion there was never any. Those that
held Religion was the difference of
man from beasts, have spoken proba-
bly, and proceed upon a proposition
inductive as the other: That doc-
trine of *Epicurus*, that denied the
providence of God, was no Atheism,
but a magnificent and high-strained
conceit of his Majesty, which he de-
emed too sublime to mind the triviall
actions of those inferiour creatures:
That fatall necessity of Stoickes, is
nothing but the immutable Law of
his will. Those that heretofore de-
nied the Divinity of the holy Ghost,
have been condemned but as Here-
ticks;

ticks; those that now deny our Saviour (though more than Hereticks) are not so much as Atheists: for though they deny two persons in the Trinity, they hold as we do, that there is but one God.

That villain and Secretary of Hell that composed that miscreant piece of the three Impostors, though divided from all Religions, and was neither Jew, Turk, nor Christian, was not a positive Atheist. I confess every Countrey hath its *Machiavel* every age its *Lucian*, whereof common heads must not heare, nor more advanced judgments too rashly censure on: 'tis the Rhetorick of Satan and may pervert a loose prejudicate belief.

I confesse I have perused them all and can discover nothing that may startle a discreet believe: yet are their heads carried off with the wind and breath of such motives. I remember a Doctor of Physick in Italy, who could

Should not perfectly believe the immortality of the soule, because *Galen* seemed to make a doubt thereof. I was familiarly acquainted in France with a Divine, a man of singular parts, that on the same point was so plundred and gravelled with three lines of *Seneca*, that all our Antidotes, drawn from both Scripture and Philosophy, could not expell the poison of his warour. There are a set of heads, that will not credit the relations of *Marrius*, yet question the testimonies of *Saint Paul*; and peremptorily believe the traditions of *Ælian* or *Pliny*, yet in the Histories of Scripture, raise *Quere's* and objections, believing no more than they can parallel in humane Authors.

I confesse there are in Scripture stories that doe exceed the fable of Poets, and to a captious Reader sound like *Garagnatua* or *Bevis*: For search all the Legends of times past, and the fabulous conceit of the present, and 'twill

'twill be hard to find one that desert
 to carry the buckler unto *Sampson*
 yet is all this of an easie possibility
 we conceive a divine concurrence
 influence but from the little finger
 the Almighty. It is impossible that
 either in the discourse of man, or
 the infallible voice of God, to the
 weaknesse of our apprehensions, there
 should not appear irregularities, con-
 tradictions, and antinomies: my self
 can shew a catalogue of doubts, new
 yet imagined nor questioned, as we
 know, which are not resolved at the
 first hearing, not fantastick Quere
 or objections of the ayre: For I can
 not heare of Atoms in Divinity. I
 read the history of the Pidgeon that
 was sent out of the Ark, and returned
 no more, yet not question how she
 found out her mate that was left be-
 hind: That *Lazarus* was raised from
 the dead, yet not demand where
 the interim his soul awaited; or raise
 a Law-case, whether his heire might
 law

Lawfully detain his inheritance, be-
queathed unto him by his death; and
once, though restored to life, have no
Plea for his former possessions.
Whether *Eve* was framed out of the
left side of *Adam*, I dispute not; be-
cause I stand not yet assured which is
the right side of a man, or whether
there be such distinction in Nature.
Whether *Adam* was an Hermaphro-
dite, as the Rabbines comment upon
the letter of the Text; because it is
contrary to all reason, that there
should be an Hermaphrodite before
there was a woman, or a composition
of two natures, before there was a se-
cond composed. Likewise, whether
the world was created in Autumne,
Summer, or the Spring; because it
was created in them all; for whatsoe-
ver Signe the Sunne possesseth, those
four seasons are actually existent: It
is the nature of this Luminary to
distinguish the severall seasons of
the yeare, all which it makes at one
time

time in the whole earth, and successively in any part thereof. There are bundle of curiosities, not onely in Philosophy but in Divinity, proposed and discussed by men of most supposed abilities, which are not worthy of our vacant houres, much less our serious studies; Pieces onely fit to be placed in *Pantagruelle* Studies or bound up with *Tartaretus de mori cæcandi*; these are niceties that become not those that peruse so seriously a Mystery. There are others more generally questioned and called in the Barre, yet me thinks of an easie possible truth. 'Tis ridiculous to puzzle off, or drowne the generall Flow of *Noah* in that great particular inundation of *Deucalion*: that there was a Deluge once, seems not to me so great a miracle, as that there is no one alwayes. How all the kinds of Creatures, not onely in their own bulks, but with a competency of food and sustenance, might be preserved

one Ark, and with the extent of three hundred cubits, to a reason that rightly examines it, will appeare very difficult. There is another secret, not contained in the Scripture, which is more hard to comprehend, and puts the honest Father to the refuge of a Miracle; and that is, not onely how the distinct pieces of the world, and divided Ilands should be first planted by men, but inhabited by Tygers, Panthers and Beares. How *America* abounded with beasts of prey, and noxious Animals, yet contained not in it that necessary creature, a Horse. By what passage those, not onely Birds, but dangerous and unwelcome Beasts came over: How thereby creatures are there, which are not found in the triple Continent; all which must needs be strange unto us, that hold but one Arke, and that the creatures began progresse from the mountaines of *Ararat*: They who to salve this would make the Deluge

particular, proceed upon a Principle that I can no way grant; not onely upon the negative of holy Scriptures but of mine owne Reason, whereby I can make it probable, that the world was as well peopled in the time of *Noah* as in ours, and fifteene hundred yeares to people the world, as full a time for them, as foure thousand yeares since hath beene to us.

There are other assertions and common tenents drawn from Scripture, and generally beleev'd as Scripture; whereunto, notwithstanding, would never betray the liberty of my reason. 'Tis a Paradoxe to me, that *Methuselah* was the longest liv'd of all the children of *Adam*, and no man will be able to prove it; when from the proesse of the Text I can manifest that it is otherwise. That *Judas* hang'd himselfe, there is no certainty in Scripture, though in one place it seems to affirme it, and by a double word hath given occasion

translat

translate it; yet in another place, in a more punctuall description, it makes it improbable, and seemes to overthrow it. That our Fathers, after the Floud, erected the Tower of *Babell*, to preserve themselves against a second Deluge, is generally opinioned and beleaved; yet is there another intention of theirs expressed in Scripture: Besides that, it is improbable, from the circumstance of the place, the plaine in the land of *Shinar*. These are no points of Faith, and therefore may admit a free dispute. There are yet others, and those familiarly concluded from the Text, wherein (under favour) I see no consequence; as, to prove the Trinity from the speech of God, in the plural number, *Faciamus hominem*, Let us make man, which is but the common stile of Princes, and men of Eminency: hee that shall read one of his Majesties Proclamations, may with the same Logicke conclude,

there be two Kings in England.

The Church of Rome confidently proves the opinion of Tutelary Angels, from that answer when *Peter* knockt at the doore, *Tis not hee but his Angel*; that is to say, his Messenger, or some body from him; for so the Originall signifies, and is as likely to be the doubtfull Families meaning. This supposition I once suggested to a young Divine, that answered upon this point, to which I remember the *Franciscan* Opponent replied no more, but, That it was a new and no authenticke interpretation.

These are but the conclusions and fallible discourses of man upon the word of God, for such I doe beleieve the holy Scriptures; yet were it of man, I could not choose but say, it was the singularest, and superlative Piece that hath been extant since the Creation; were I a Pagan, I should not refrain the Lecture of it; and cannot

cannot but commend the judgement of *Ptolomy*, that thought the Alcoran of the Turks (I speak without prejudice) is an ill composed Piece, containing in it vaine and ridiculous errors in Philosophy, impossibilities, fictions, and vanities beyond laughter, maintained by evident and open Sophismes, the policy of Ignorance, deposition of Universities, and banishment of Learning, that hath gotten foot by armes and violence; This without a blow doth disseminate it selfe through the whole earth. It is not unremarkable what *Philo* first observed, That the Law of *Moses* continued two thousand yeares without the least alteration; whereas, we see, the Lawes of other Common-weales do alter with occasions; and even those that pretended their originall from some Divinity, to have vanished without trace or memory. I beleeeve, besides *Zoroaster*, there were divers that writ be-

fore *Moses*, who notwithstanding have suffered the common fate of time. Mens Works have an age like themselves; and though they out-live their Authors, yet have a stint and period to their duration: This onely is a Work too hard for the teeth of time, and cannot perish but in the generall flames, when all things shall confesse their ashes.

I have heard some with deep sighs lament the lost lines of *Cicero*; others with as many groanes deplore the combustions of the Library of *Alexandria*; for my part, I think there be too many in the world and could with patience behold the urne and ashes of the *Vatican*, could I with a few others recover the perished leaves of *Solomon*. I would not omit a Coppy of *Enochs* Pillars, had they any better Authour than *Iosephus* or did not relish too much of the Fable. Some men have written more than others have spoken; *Pineda* quotes

ling notes more Authors in one worke,
eoman are necessary in a whole world.
like of those three great Inventions in
div Germany, there are two which are not
pe without their incommodities, and tis
nely disputable, whether they exceed not
h of their use and commodities. Tis not
the melancholly *Vtinam* of mine owne,
hal but the desires of better heads, that
ere were a generall Synod; not to
eepe the incompatible difference of
ere religion, but, for the benefit of lear-
ding, to reduce it as it lay at first in a
brave and solid Authours; and to con-
t, Lemne to the fire those swarmes and
orld millions of *Rapsodies*, begotten onely
theo distract and abuse the weaker
ouldgements of Scholars and to main-
beraine the Trade and Mystery of Ty-
nographers. I cannot but wonder
had with what exceptions the *Samaritanes*
husould confine their beliefe to the
Faentateuch, or five Books of *Moses*.
more am ashamed at the Rabbinicall In-
zed interpretation of the Jewes, upon the
ores
Old

Old Testament, as much as their
secession from the New : and truly it
is beyond wonder, how that contem-
tible and degenerate issue of *Iac-*
that are so devoted to Ethnick S-
perstition, and so easily seduced
the Idolatry of their Neighbour
should now in such an obstinate and
peremptory belief, adhere unto their
owne Doctrine, expect impossibili-
ties, and in the face and eye of the
Church persist without the least
hope of conversion : This is a virtue
in them, that were a vertue in us ;
obstinacy in a bad cause, is but con-
stancy in a good. And herein I must
accuse those of our Religion ; for
there is not any of such a fugitive
faith, such an unstable beliefe, as
Christian ; none that doe so easily
transforme themselves, not unto
verall shapes of Christianity and
the same Species, but unto more
naturall and contrary formes, of Jew
and Mahometan, that from the nat-

their Saviour can condescend to the
by its terme of Prophet ; and from an
temerarie beliefe that hee is come, to fall
Iacob a new expectation of his com-
k Sing: It is the promise of Christ to
ed like us all one flock ; but how and
when the union shall be, is as obscure
e as the last day. Of those foure
the members of Religion we hold a pro-
hibition, there are I confesse some
of few additions, yet small to those
which accrew to our Adversaries and
whose orely drawne from the revolt
; Pagans, men but of negative impi-
eties, and such as deny Christ, but
because they never heard of him :
; but the Religion of the Jew is ex-
tremely against the Christian, and the
as Mahometan against both ; for the
Turk, in the bulk hee now stands, hee
is beyond all hope of conversion ; if
he fall asunder there may be concei-
ved some hopes, but not without
of long improbabilities. The Jew is
nauseous in all fortunes ; the persec-
cution

cution of fifteene hundred year
hath but confirmed them in their
four : they have already endur'd
whatsoever may bee inflicted ,
have suffered, in a bad cause, even
the condemnation of their enemies.
Persecution is a bad and indirect way
to plant Religion ; It hath been
the unhappy method of angry de-
votions , not onely to confirme honest
Religion, but wicked Heresies ,
extravagant Opinions. It was the
stone and Basis of our Faith , no
man can more justly boast of persecution
and glory in the number and value
of Martyrs ; for, to speake properly
those are true and only examples of
fortitude: Those that fetch it from
the Field, or draw it from the actions
of the Camp are not so truly pre-
sents of valour and audacity, and
the best attaine but to some base
piece of fortitude : If wee should
strictly examine the circumstances
and requisites which *Aristotle*

qui

quires to true and perfect valour,
we shall finde the name onely in
our Master *Alexander*, and as lit-
tle in the Romane Worthy, *Iulius*
Cæsar; and if any, in that easie
and active way, have done so no-
thing as to deserve that name, yet in
the passive and more terrible piece
those have surpassed, and in a more
heroicall way may claime the ho-
nour of that Title. Tis not in the
power of every honest faith to
proceed thus farre, or passe to
heaven through the flames; eve-
ry one hath it not in the full mea-
sure, nor in so audacious and re-
solute a temper, as to endure those
terrible tests and tryalls, who not-
withstanding in a peaceable way
truly adore their Saviour, and
have (no doubt) a faith accepta-
ble in the eyes of God: Now as
all that dye in warre are not ter-
med Souldiers, so neither can I
proper-

properly terme all those that suffer
in matters of Religion Martyrs.
The Councell of *Constance* con-
demnes *Iohn Husse* for an Heretick,
the Stories of his owne party stile him a Martyr; it is false
Divinity if I say hee was neither
the one nor the other: There are
many (questionlesse) canonized on
earth, that shall never be Saints in
Heaven; and have their names in
Histories and Martyrologies, which
in the eyes of God, are not so perfect
Martyrs as was that wise He-
then, *Socrates*, that suffered on the
fundamentall point of Religion
the Unity of God. I have pitied
the miserable Bishop that suffered
in the cause of *Antipodes*, yet can
not choose but accuse him of
much madnesse, for exposing his
life on such a trifle, as those of igno-
rance and folly that condemned
him. I think my conscience would
no

full not give me the lie, if I say, there
is not a man extant that in a noble
way feares the face of death lesse
than my selfe, yet from the morall
duty I owe to the Commandement
of God, and the naturall respects
that I tender unto the conservation
of my essence and being, I would
not perish upon a Ceremony, Po-
intick points, or indifferency: nor
is my beliefe of that untractable
temper, as not to bow at their ob-
stacles, or connive at matters that
are not manifest impieties: The
heaven therefore and ferment of all,
not onely Civill, but Religious
actions, is wisdom; without which,
to commit our selves to the flames
is Homicide, and (I feare) but to
of passe through one fire into ano-
ther. That Miracles are ceased I
can neither prove, nor absolutely
deny, much lesse define the time
and period of their cessation; that
they

they survived Christ, is manifest upon record of Scripture; that they out-lived the Apostles also, and were revived at the conversion of Nations, many yeares after, we cannot deny, if wee shall not question those Writers whose testimonies wee do not controvert, in points that make for our owne opinions; therefore that may have some truth in it that is reported by the Jesuite, of their Miracle in the Indies, I could wish it were true, or had any other testimony then their owne Pennes: they may easily believe those Miracles abroad, who daily conceive greater at home, the transmutation of those visible elements into the visible body and blood of our Saviour: for the conversion of water into wine, which hee wrought in *Cana*, or what the Devill would have had him done in the wilderneffe, of stones into Bread

bread, compared to this, scarce deserves the name of Miracle: Though indeed, to speake properly, there is not one Miracle greater than another, they being the extraordinary effect of the hand of God, to which all things are of an equall facility; and to create the world as easily as one single creature. For this is also a miracle, not onely to produce effects against or above Nature, but before Nature; and to create Nature as great a miracle as to contradict or transcend her; we doe too narrowly define the power of God, restraining it to our capacities. I hold that God cannot doe all things but sinne, how hee could worke contradictions I doe not understand, yet dare not therefore deny. I cannot see why the Angels of God should question *Esdra*s to recall

E call

call the time past, if it were beyond his owne power ; or that God should pose mortality in that which he was not able to performe himself. I will not say God cannot, but he will not performe many things, which we plainly affirm he cannot : this I am sure is the mannerliest proposition, wherein notwithstanding I hold no Paradox. For strictly his power is the same with his will, and they both with all the rest do make but one God.

But above all things, I wonder how the curiosity of wiser heads could passe that great and indisputable miracle, the cessation of Oracles : and in what swoun their reasons lay, to content themselves, and sit down with such far-fetcht and ridiculous reasons as *Plutarch* alledgeth for it. The Jewes that can believe the supernaturall sol-
stice

lice of the Sun in the dayes of
Iosuah, have yet the impudence to
deny the Eclipse, which every Pa-
gan confessed at their death: but for
this it is evident beyond all con-
tradiction, the Devill himself con-
fessed it. Certainly it is not a war-
rantable curiosity, to examine the
verity of Scripture by the concor-
dance of humane history, or seeke
to confirme the Chronicle of *He-*
ster or *Daniel*, by the authority of
Megastrones or *Herodotus*: I confesse
I have had an unhappy curiosity
this way, till I laughed my selfe out
of it with a piece of *Iustine*, where
he delivers that the children of *Is-*
rael for being scabbed were banished
out of Egypt. And truly since I
have understood the occurrences
of the world, and know in what
counterfeit shapes and deceitfull
wizzards the time represents on the
stage things past; I doe beleve

them little more than things to come. Some have been of opinion, and endeavoured to write the History of their own lives; where in *Moses* hath outgone them all and left not onely the story of his life, but of his death also. It is a riddle to me, how this story of Oracles hath not worm'd out of the world that doubtfull conceit of Spirits and Witches; how so many learned heads should so far forget the Metaphysicks, and destroy the Ladder and scale of creatures, as to question the existence of Spirits; for my part, I have ever beleev'd, & do now know, that there are Witches; they that doubt of these, do not onely deny them, but Spirits, and are obliquely, not consequently a sort, not of Infidels, but Atheists.

Those that to confute their incredulity desire to see apparitions shall questionlesse never behold any

ny, nor have the power ever to be
so much as Witches; the Devill
hath them already in a heresie
as capittall as Witchcraft, and to
appeare to them, were but to con-
vert them: Of all the delusions
wherewith he deceives mortalitie,
there is not any that puzleth me
more than the Legerdemain of
Changeling; I doe not credit those
transformations of reasonable
creatures into beasts, or that the
Devill hath the power to transplant
man into a horse, who tempted
Christ (as a triall of his Divinity)
to convert stones into bread. I
could beleeve that Spirits use with
man the act of carnality, and that
in both sexes; I conceive they may
assume, steale, or contrive a body,
wherein there may bee action
enough to content decrepit lust,
or passion to satisfie more active
energies; yet in both, without a
possibility of generation: and

therefore that opinion, that An-
christ should be born of the Tri-
of *Dan* by conjunction with the
Devill, is ridiculous, and a conceit
fitter for the Rabbins than Ch-
istians.

I hold that the Devill doth
ally possesse some men, the spirit
of melancholy others, the spirit
of delusion others; that as the De-
vill is concealed and deemed
some, so God and good Angels
are pretended by others, where
the late defection of the Maid
Germany hath left pregnant exam-
ple. Again, I beleeve that all the
use forceries, incantations, and
spells, are not Witches, or as we
terme them, Magicians; I con-
ceive there is a traditionall Ma-
gicke, not learned immediate
from the Devill, but at second
hand from his Schollers; who hav-
ing once his secret betrayed, are
able, and do empirically practice
with

without his advice, they both proceeding upon the principles of nature: their actives actively conjoynd to disposed passives, will under any Master produce their effects. Thus I think at first a great part of Philosophy was Witchcraft, which being afterward derived to another, proved but Philosophy, and was indeed no more but the honest effects of Nature: What invented by us is Philosophy, learned from him is Magicke. We doe surely owe the discovery of many secrets to the discovery of good and bad Angels. I could never passe that sentence of *Paracelsus* without an asteriske or annotation; *Accendens constellatum multa revelat, quarentiquis animalia natura, i.e. opera Dei.* I doe thinke that many mysteries ascribed to our owne inventions, have beene

the courteous revelation of Spirits; for those noble essences in heaven beare a friendly regard unto their fellow-natures on earth, and therefore beleeve that those many prodigies and ominous prognostickes which fore-run the ruines of States, Princes, and private persons, are the charitable premonitions of good Angels, which more carelesse enquiries terme but the effects of chance and nature. Now besides these particular and divided Spirits, there may be (for ought I know) an universall common Spirit to the whole world. It was the opinion of *Plato*, and it is yet the Hermiticall Philosophers; if there be a common nature that unites and tyes the scattered and divided individuals into one species, why may there not be one that unites them all? However,

I am

I am sure there is a common Spirit that playes within us, yet makes no part of us, and that is the Spirit of God, and scintillation of the noble and mighty Essence, which is the life and radicall heat of spirits; and those essences that know not the vertue of the Sunnes fire, quite contrary to the fire of Hell: This is the gentle heat that brooded on the waters, and in fixe dayes hatched the world; this is that irradiation that dispells the mists of Hell, the clouds of horror, to feare, sorrow, and dispaire; and preserves the region of the mind in serenity: whatsoever feels not the warme gale and gentle ventilation of this Spirit (though I feele his pulse) I dare not say hee lives; for truly without this, to mee, there is no heat under the Tropick; nor any light, though

though I dwell in the body of
the Sun,

*As when the labouring Sunne hath
wrought his track,*

*Vp to the top of lofty Cancer
back,*

*The ycie Ocean cracks, the frozen
poole*

*Thames with the heat of the Ce-
lestiall coale;*

*So when the absent beames begin
t' impart*

*Againe a Solstice on my frozen
heart,*

*My winters ou'r, my drooping spi-
rits sing,*

*And every part revives into
Spring.*

*But if thy quickning beames awhile
decline,*

*And with their light bleffe not this
Orbe of mine,*

A chilly frost surpriseth every member,

And in the midst of Iune I feele
December.

Keepe still in my Horizon, for to
mee,

Tis not the Sunne that makes the
day, but thee.

O how this earthly temper doth de-
base

The noble Soule, in this her hea-
venly place!

whose wingie nature ever doth
aspire,

To reach the place whence first it
took its fire.

Those flames, I feele, which in my
heart do dwell,

Are not thy beames, but take their
fire from Hell:

O quench them all, and let thy light
aivine

Be as the Sunne to this poore Orbe
of mine:

And

And to thy sacred Spirit convert
those fires,
whose earthy fumes choak my devout
aspires.

Therefore for Spirits I am so farre from denying their existence, that I could easily beleeve, that not onely whole Countreys, but particular persons have their Tutelary, and Guardian Angels: It is not a new opinion of the Church of Rome, but of *Pythagoras* and *Plato*; there is no heresie in it, and if not manifestly defin'd in Scripture, yet is an opinion of a good and wholesome use in the course and actions of a mans life, and would seeme as an *Hypothesis* to salve many doubts, whereof common Philosophy affordeth no resolution: Now if you demand my opinion
and

and Metaphysicks of their natures, I confesse them very shallow, most of them in a negative way, like that of God; or in a comparative, betweene our selves and fellow creatures; for there is in this Universe a Staire, or manifest Scale of creatures, rising not disorderly, or in a confusion, but with a comely method and proportion: betweene creatures of meer existence and things of life, there is a large disproportion of nature; betweene two plant-animals or creatures of sense, a wider difference; between them and man, a farre greater: and if the proportion hold on, betweene man and Angels there should bee yet a greater.

We doe not comprehend their natures, who retaine the first definition of *Porphiry*, and distinguish them from our selves by immorta-

immortality ; for before his fall
man also was immortall ; yet mu-
wee needs affirme that hee had
different essence from the Angels
having therefore no certain
knowledge of their natures, 'tis no
bad method of the Schools, what-
soever perfection wee finde ob-
scurely in our selves , in a more
complete and absolute way to
ascribe unto them. I beleeve they
have an extemporary Knowledge
and upon the first motion of
their reason doe what wee cannot
without study or deliberation
they know things by their forms
and define by specificall differ-
ence, what wee describe by acci-
dents and properties ; and there-
fore probabilities to us may bee
demonstrations unto them ; that
they have knowledge not onely
of the specificall, but numerical
forms of individualls, and under-
stand

and by what reserved difference
each single *Hypostasis* (besides
the relation to its species) be-
comes its naturall selfe.

That as the Soule hath a power
to move the body it informs, so
there is a Faculty to move any,
though informe none ; ours up-
on restraint of time, place, and
distance.

But that invisible hand that
conveyed *Habbacuck* to the Li-
ons den, or *Philip* to *Azotus*,
fringeth this rule, and hath a
secret conveyance, wherewith
mortality is not acquainted ; if
they have that intensive know-
ledge, whereby as in reflexion
they behold the thoughts of one
another, I cannot peremptorily
deny but they know a great part
of ours. They that to refute the
vocation of Saints, have dec-
med

med that they know not our faires below, have proceeded to farre, and must pardon my opinion, till I can truly answer the piece of Scripture, *At the conversion of a sinner all the Angels of heaven rejoyce.* I cannot with that great Father securely interpret the worke of the first day *Fiat lux*, to the creation of Angels, though (I confesse) there is not any creature that hath neare a glympse of their nature as light in the Sunne and Elements, while wee stile a bare accident, but where it subsists alone, a spirituall Substance, and maybe an Angel: in brieft, conceive light invisible, and that a Spirit, those are certainly the Magisteriall and master pieces of the Creature; the Flower (or as wee may say

the best part of nothing actually existing, what we are but in hopes, and probabilities, we are onely the amphibious piece betweene a corporall and spirituall essence, that middle forme that linkes those two together, and makes good the method of God and nature, that jumps not from extreames, but unites the incompatible distances by some middle and participating natures; that we are the breath and similitude of God, it is indisputable, and upon record of holy Scripture; but to call our selves a Microcosme, or little world, I thought it onely a pleasant trope of Rhetorick, till my neare judgement and second thoughts told me there was a reall truth therein: for first we are a rude masse, and in the ranke of creatures, which onely are, and have a dull kind of being not yet priviledged with life, or preferred to sense or reason; next we live the life of plants, the life of animals,

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the life of men, and at last the life of spirits, running on in one myſterious nature: thoſe five kinds of exiſtences which comprehend the creatures not onely of the world, but of the Universe; this is man the great and true Amphibium, whoſe nature is diſpoſed to live not onely like other creatures in divers elements, but in divided and diſtinguiſhed worlds; for though there be but one to ſenſe, there are two to reaſon; the one viſible, the other inviſible, whereof *Moses* ſeemes to have left deſcription, and of the other ſo obſcurely, that ſome parts thereof are yet in controverſie; and truly for the laſt chapter of *Genesis*, I muſt confeſſe a great deale of obſcurity, though Divines have to the power of humane reaſon endeavoured to make all goe in a litterall meaning, yet thoſe allegoricall interpretations are alſo probable, and perhaps the myſticall method of *Moses* bred up in the Hieroglyphicall

oglyphicall Schooles of the Egyptianians: Now for the immateriall world, we thinke we need not wander so farre as the first moveable, for even in this materiall fabricke the spirits walke as freely exempt from the affection of time, place, and motion, as beyond the extreamest circumference: doe but extract from the corpulency of bodies, or resolve things beyond their first matter, and you discover the habitation of Angels, which if I call the ubiquitary, and omnipresent essence of God, I hope I shall not offend Divinity; for before the Creation of the world God was really all things: For the Angels he created no new world, or determinate mansion, and therefore they are every where where his essence is, and doe live at a distance even in himself: that God made all things for man, is in some sense true, yet not so farre as to subordinate the

creation of those purer creatures
ours, though as ministring spirits
they doe, and are willing to fulfill
the will of God in these lower and
sublunary affaires of man; God made
all things for himselfe, and it is im-
possible he should make them for
any other end then his owne glory
it is all he can receive, and all that
without himselfe, for honour being
an externall adjunct, and in the ho-
nourer, rather then in the person ho-
noured, it was necessary to make
creature, from whom he might re-
ceive this homage, and that is in the
other world Angels, in this it is man,
which when we neglect, we forget
the very end of our creation, and
may justly provoke God, not onely
to repent that he hath made the
world, but that he hath sworne that
he would not destroy it. That there
is but one world, is a conclusion of
faith. *Aristotle* with all his *Philoso-*
sophy hath not been able to prove

and as weakly that the world
was eternall; that dispute much
troubled the penne of the antient
philosophers, but *Moses* decided
that question, and salu'd all with a
new terme of creation, a producti-
on of something out of nothing,
and that is whatsoever is opposite
to something more exactly, that
which is truly contrary unto God,
for hee onely is, all other have
an existence, with depending,
and are something but by distin-
ction.

The whole Creation is a myste-
ry, and particularly that of man,
at the blast of his mouth were the
rest of the creatures made, and at
his bare word they started out of
nothing: but in the frame of man
(as the text describes it) he played
the sensible operator, and seemed
not so much to create, as make
man; when he had separated the
materials of other creatures, there

consequently resulted a forme, and soule, but having raised the wale of man, he was driven to a second and harder creation of a substance like himselfe, an incorruptible and immortall soule. For the two assertions we have in Philosophy, & opinion of the Heathens, the flat affirmative of *Plato*, and not a negative from *Aristotle*: there is another scruple cast in by Divinity (concerning its production) much disputed in the Germane auditories, and with that indifferency and equality of arguments, as leave the controversies undetermined.

I am not of *Paracelsus* minde, that boldly delivers a receipt to make a man without conjunction, yet cannot but wonder at the multitude of heads that doe deny production, having no other argument to confirm their beliefs, then that Rhetoricall sentence, and *Antiphon* of *Augustine*, *creando infans*

tur, infundendo creatur, either opinion will stand well enough with religion; yet I should rather incline to this, did not one objection haunt me, not wrung from speculations and subtilties, but from common sense, and observation, not pickt from the leaves of any other, but bred amongst the weeds and tares of mine owne braine. And this is a conclusion from the equivocal and monstrous production in the copulation of man with beast; for if the soul of man be not transmitted & transfused in the seed of the parents: why are not those productions meere beasts, but have also an impressure and tincture of reason in as high measure as it may demonstrate it selfe in those improper organs: nor truly can I reasonably deny, that the soule in this her sublunary estate, is wholly inorganicall, but that for the perfor-

mance of her ordinary actions, required not onely a symmetry and proper disposition of Organs, but a Crasis and temper correspondent to its operation; yet is not this masse of flesh and visible structure the instrument and proper corps of the soule, but rather of sense, and that the nearer *Ubi* of reason. In our study of Anatomy there is a masse of mysterious Philology, and such as reduced the very Heathens to Divinity; yet amongst all those rare discoveries, and curious pieces I finde in the fabrick of man, I doe not so much content my selfe, as in that I finde not any proper Organe or instrument for the rationall soule; for in the braine, which we tearme the seate of reason, there is not any thing of moment more then I can discover in the cranie of a beast. Thus we are men, and we know not how, there

There is something in us, that can be without us, & will be after us, though it is strange that it hath no history, what it was before us, nor cannot tell how it entred in us.

Now for the wals of flesh, wherein the soule doth seeme to be immured before the restauration, it is nothing but an elementall composition, and a fabricke that may fall to ashes; All flesh is grasse, is not onely metaphorically, but literally true, for all those creatures we behold, are but the hearbs of the field, digested into flesh in them, or more remotely carnified in our selves. Nay further, we are what we all abhorre, *Antropophagi* and Cannibals, devourers not onely of men, but of our selves, and that not in an allegory, but a positive truth; for all this masse of flesh which we behold, came in at our mouths: this frame we looke upon,

upon, hath beene upon our teachers. In brieft, we have devoted our selves. I cannot beleieve that wisdome of *Pythagoras* did ever positively, and in a literall sense, affirme his *Metempsychosis* of or impossible transmutations of the soules of men into beasts: of *Metamorphosis* or transmutations, I beleieve onely one, that of *Lot's* wife, for that of *Nebuchadnezzar* proceeded not so farre; In all others I conceive there is no further verity then is contained in their implicite sense and mortality. I beleieve that the whole frame of a beast doth perish, and is left in the same state after death, as before it was materialled unto life: that the soules of men know neither contrary nor corruption, that they subsist beyond the body, and outlive death by the priviledge of their proper natures, and without

miracle; that the soules of the
 faithfull, as they leave earth, take
 possession of Heaven; that those
 apparitions, and ghosts of departed
 persons are not the wandring
 soules of men, but the unquiet
 walckes of Devils, prompting and
 suggesting us unto mischief, bloud,
 and villany, instilling, and stealing
 into our hearts, that the blessed
 spirits are not at rest in their graves,
 but wander sollicitous of the af-
 fairs of the world; that those phan-
 tasmes appeare often, and doe fre-
 quent Cemeteries, charnell houses,
 and Churches; it is because those
 are the dormitories of the dead;
 where the Devill like an insolent
 Champion holds with pride the
 spoiles and Trophies of his victo-
 ry in *Adam*.

This is the dismall conquest we
 all deplore, that makes us often cry
 (*O Adam, quid fecisti?*) I thank
 God I have not those strait li-
 gaments,

upon, hath beene upon our tre-
 chers. In brieft, we have devo-
 red our selves. I cannot beleve
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 quent Cemiteries, charnell houses,
 and Churches; it is because those
 are the dormitories of the dead,
 where the Devill like an insolent
 Champion holds with pride the
 spoiles and Trophies of his victo-
 ry in Adam.

This is the dismall conquest we
 all deplore, that makes us often cry
 (O) Adam, quid fecisti? I thank
 God I have not those strait lin-
 gaments,

gaments, or narrow obligations to the world, as to dote on life, or be convuls'd and tremble at the name of death. Not that I am insensible of the dread and horror thereof, or by raking into the bowels of the deceased, continuall sight of Anatomies, Skeletons, or Cadaverous reliques, like Vespilloes, or Grave-makers, I am become stupid, or have forgot the apprehension of mortality, but that marshalling of the horrors, and contemplating the extremities thereof, I finde not any therein able to daunt the courage of a man, much lesse a resolved Christian, and therefore am not angry at the error of our first parents, or unwilling to beare a part of this common fate; and like the best of them to die, that is, to cease to breath; to take a farewell of the elements, to be a kind of nothing for a moment, to be within one instant of spirit,

spirit: When I take a full view and
circle of my selfe, but with this
reasonable moderator, and equall
piece of justice, death, I doe con-
ceive my selfe the miserablest per-
son extant, were there not another
life that I hope for, all the vanities
of the world should not intreate a
moments breath from me; could
the Devill worke my believe to
imagine I could never die, I would
not out-live that very thought, I
have so abject a thought of this
common way of existence, this re-
taining to the Sunne and elements,
I cannot thinke this to be a man, or
to live according to the dignity of
my nature, in expectation of a bet-
ter; I can with patience embrace
this life, yet in my best meditati-
ons doe often desire death, I ho-
nour any man that contemnes it,
nor can I love any that is afraid of
it; this makes me naturally love a
Souldier, and honour those tattered
and

and contemptible Regiments that
 will die at the command of a Ser-
 geant. For a Pagan there may be
 some motives to be in love with
 life, but for a Christian to be am-
 azed at death, I see not how he can
 escape this Dilemma, that he is to
 sensible of this life, or carelesse of
 the life to come.

Some Divines count *Adam* 30
 yeares old at his creation, because
 they suppose him created in the
 perfect age and stature of man; and
 surely we are all out of the compo-
 sition of our age, every man is
 some moneths elder then hee be-
 thinks him; for we live, move
 and have a being; and are sub-
 ject to the actions of the elements, and
 the malice of diseases in that other
 world, the truest Microcosme, the
 wombe of our mother, for besides
 that generall and common exis-
 tence that we are conceived in our
 Chaos, and whilst we sleepe with

the bosome of our causes, we
enjoy a being and life in three di-
stinct worlds, wherein we receive
with most manifest gradations: In that
most obscure world and wombe of our
mother, our time is short, compu-
ted by the Moone; yet longer then
the dayes of many creatures that
behold the Sunne, our selves being
yet without life, sense, and rea-
son; the manifestation of its
actions, it awaits the opportunity
and objects; and seems to live there
in its roote and soule of vege-
tation, entering afterwards upon
the scene of the world, we arise
and become another creature,
performing the reasonable actions
of man, and obscurely manifesting
that part of Divinity in use, but not
the complement and perfection, till
we have once more cast our secon-
dary skinne; that is this slough of flesh,
and are delivered into the last
world, that is, that ineffable place
of

of Saint Paul, that *ubi* of spirit
The smattering that I have of the
Philosophers stone, which is no
thing else but the perfectest exaltation
of gold, hath taught me a great
deale of Divinity, and instructed my
believe, how that immortall spirit
and incorruptible substance of my
soule may lie obscure, and sleep
within this house of flesh. Those
strange and mysticall transmigrations
that I have observed in Silkwormes,
turn'd my Philosophy into
Divinity. There is in these works
of nature, which seem to puzzle reason,
something Divine, and hath more
in it then the eye of a common
spectator doth discover. I am
naturally bashfull, nor hath conversation,
age, or travell, beene able
to effront or harden me; yet I have
one part of modesty, which I have
seldome discovered in another, that
is, to speak truly. I am not so much
afraid of death, as ashamed thereof.

to the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures, that in a moment can so disfigure us that our nearest friends, Wife, and Children stand afraid and stare at us. The Birds and Beasts of the field that before in a natural feare obeyed us, forgetting all allegiance begin to prey upon us; this very conceite hath in a tempest disposed and left me willing to be swallowed up in the abyss of waters, wherein I had perished, unseene, unpityed, without wondring eyes, teares of pity, Lectures of mortality, and none had said, *quantum mutatus ab illo!* Not that I am ashamed of the Anatomy of my parts, or can accuse nature for playing the bungler in any part of me, or my owne vitious life for contracting any shamefull disease upon me, whereby I might not call my selfe as wholesome a morsell for the wormes as any. Some upon the courage of fruitfull issue, wherein, as in the truest Chronicle, they seeme to
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outlive themselves, can with greater patience away with death. This conceite and counterfeit subsisting in our progenies seemes to me a meere fallacy, unworthy the desires of a man, that can but conceive a thought of the next world; who, in a noble ambition, should desire to live in his substance in Heaven. And therefore at my death I meane to take a Totall adieu of the world, not caring for a Monument, History, or Epitaph, not so much as the bare memory of my name to be found any where but in the univetsall Register of God: I am not yet so Cynicall, as to approve the Testament of *Diogenes*, nor doe altogether allow that *Rodomantado* of *Lucian*.

— *Cælo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.*
He that unburied lies wants not a Hearse.
For unto him a tombe's the universe.

But commend in my calmer judgement

ment, those ingenious intentions that desire to sleepe by the urnes of their Fathers, and strive to goe the nearest way unto corruption. I doe not envy the temper of Crowes; nor the numerous and weary dayes of our Fathers, before the Flood. If there be any truth in Astrology, I may outlive a Jubilee, as yet I have not seen one revolution of *Saturne*, nor have my pulsteate thirty yeares, and excepting one, have seen the ashes, and left under ground, all the Kings of *Europe*, have beene contemporary to three Emperours, foure Grand Signiours, and as many Popes; me thinkes I have out-lived my selfe, and begin to be weary of the same, I have shaken hands with delight in warme blood and Canicular dayes, I perceive I doe participate the vices of age, the world to me is but a dreame, or mock-show, and we all therein but Pantalones or Antickes to my severer contemplation.

It is not, I confesse, an unlawfull Prayer to desire to surpasse the dayes of our Saviour, or wish to out-live that age wherein he thought fittest to dye, yet, if (as Divinity affirmes) there shall be no gray haire in Heaven, but all shall rise in the perfect state of men, we doe but out-live those perfections in this world, to be recalled by them, by a greater miracle in the next, and run on here but to retrograde hereafter. Were there any hopes to out-live vice, or a point to be super-annated from sin, it were worthy on our knees to implore the age of *Methuselah*. But age doth not rectifie, but incurvate our natures, turning bad dispositions into worser habits, and (like diseases) bring on incurable vices; for every day, as we grow weake in age, we grow strong in sinne, and the number of our daies doth but make our sins innumerable. The same vice committed at sixteene, is not the same, though it agree in all other

other circumstances, at forty, but swells and doubles from the circumstance of our ages, wherein besides the constant and inexcusable habit of transgressing, it hath the maturity of our Judgement to cut off pretence unto excuse or pardon: every sin, the oftner it is committed, the more it acquireth in the quality of evil; as it succeeds in times, so it proceeds into degrees of badnesse, for as they proceed they ever multiply, and like figures in Arithmetick, the last stands for more then all that went before it: the course and order of my life, would be a very death to others: I use my selfe to all dyets, humours, ayres, hunger, thirst, cold, heate, want, plenty, necessity, dangers, hazards; when I am cold, I cure not my selfe by heate, when sicke, not by physicke, those that know how I live, may justly say, I regard not life, nor stand in feare of death, I am much taken with two verses of *Lucan*, since I have beene a-

ble not onely as we doe at Schoole, to
construe, but understand it :

*Victuroſſne Dei celant ut vivere durent,
Felix eſſemori.*

*So are we ill deluded, vainely ſearching
wayes,*

*To make us happy by the length of dayes,
For cunningly it makes protract the breath
The Gods conceale the happines of Death.*

There be many excellent ſtraines
in that Poet, wherewith his Stoicall
Genius hath liberally ſupplied him;
and truely there are ſingular pieces of
the Philoſophy of *Zeno*, and doctrine
of the Stoickes, which I perceive, de-
livered in a Pulpit, paſſe for currant
Divinity, yet herein are they extreame
that can allow a man to be his owne
Aſſaſſine, and ſo highly extoll the
end of *Cato*, this is indeed not to feare
death, but yet to be afraid of life. It
is a brave act of valour to contemne
death, but where life is more terrible
then

then death, it is then the truest valour to dare to live, and herein Religion hath taught us a noble example: For all the valiant acts of *Curtius*, *Scevola*, or *Codrus*, doe not parallell or match that one of *Job*; and sure there is no torture to the racke of a disease, nor any Poneyard in death it selfe like those in the way or prologue unto it.

Emori nolo, sed me esse mortuum nihil curo, I would not dye, but care not to be dead. Were I of *Cæsars* Religion I should be of his desires, and wish rather to be tortured at one blow, then to be sawed in peeces by the grating torture of a disease. Now besides this literall positive kinde of death, there are others whereof Divines make mention, and those I think, not meere-ly Metaphoricall, as Mortification, dying unto sin and the world; therefore, I say, every man hath a double Horoscope, one of his Humanity, his birth; another of his Christianity, his

his baptisme, and from this doe I compute or calculate my Nativity, yet not reckoning of those *Hora combusta*, and odde dayes, or esteeming my selfe any thing, before I was my Saviours, and inrolled in the Register of Christ, whosoever enjoyes not this life, I count him but an apparition, though he weare about him the sensible affection of the flesh.

In those morall acceptions, the way to be immortall is to dye daily, nor can I thinke that I have the true Theory of death, when I contemplate a skull, or behold a Skeleton, which those vulgar imaginations cast upon it; I have therefore enlarged that common *Memento mori*, into a more Christian memorandum, *Memento quatuor novissima*, those foure inevitable points of us all, Death, Judgement, Heaven, and Hel. Neither did the contemplations of the Heathens rest in their graves, without a further thought of *Radamant* or some judiciall

shall proceeding after death, but in another way, and upon suggestion of their naturall reasons. I cannot but marvelle from what *Sibyll* or Oracle they stole the prophesy of the worlds destruction by fire, or whence *Lucan* learned to say,

*Communis mundo superest rogas, ossibus
asturus.* ————— (astra

There yet remaines toth' world one common fire,

Wherein our bones with stars shall make one pire.

I beleeve the world growes neare its end, and yet is neither old nor decayed, nor will ever perish upon the ruines of its owne principles. As the worke of Creation was above nature, so its adversary, annihilation, without which the world hath not its end. Now what force should bee able to consume it, thus farre without the breath of God, which is the truest consuming flame my Philosophy can informe me? I beleeve that there went

not

not a minute to the worlds creation
nor shall there goe to its destruction
Those six dayes so punctually desc
bed, make not to me one moment, but
rather seeme to manifest the metho
and Idea of the great worke of the
rellect of God, then the manner how
he proceeded in its operation. I can
not dreame that there should be
the last day any Judiciall proceeding
or calling to the Barre, as indeed the
Scripture seemes to imply, and the
literall commentators doe conceive
for unspeakeable mysteries in the
Scriptures are often delivered in a
vulgar and illustrative way, and be
ing written unto man, are delivered
not as they truely are, but as they
may be understood, wherein notwithstanding the different interpretations
according to different capacities,
they may stand firme with our
devotion, nor be any way prejudiciall
all to each single edification. Nor
to determine the day and yeare of

is inevitable time, is not onely con-
civable and statute madnesse, but
so manifest impiety; How shall we
interpret *Elias* 6000. yeares, or ima-
gine the secret communicated to the
rabbi, which God hath denyed to
his Angels?

It had beene an excellent quære,
have posed the devill of *Delphos*,
and must needs have forced him to
some strange amphibology, it hath
not onely mocked the predictions of
undry Astrologers in ages past, but
the Philosophy of many melanco-
ny heads, in the present, who neither
understanding reasonable things past
nor present, pretend a knowledge of
things to come, heads ordained one-
ly to manifest the incredible effects
of melancholy, and to fulfill old pro-
phesies, rather then be authour of
new.

[In those dayes there shall come
warres and rumours of warres] to me
seemes no prophecie, but a constant
truth,

truth, in all times verified since
was first pronounced: There shall
signes in the Moone and Starres, be-
comes he then like a theefe in
night, when he gives an item of
comming? That common fig-
drawne from the revelation of An-
christ, the Philosophers stone, in Di-
vinity, for the discovery and inven-
on whereof, though there be pre-
bed rules, and probable induction
yet hath no man attained the perfe-
discovery thereof. That generall
pinion that the world growes nee-
at an end, hath possessed all ages pa-
as neerely as ours. I am afraid that
the Soules that now depart, cannot
escape the lingring exhortation of
the Saints under the Altar, *Quousque
Domine? How long, O Lord?* and groan
in the expectation of the great Jubi-
lee. This is the day that must make
good the great attribute of Gods Ju-
stice, that must reconcile those unan-
swerable doubts that torment the wi-

fest understandings, and reduce those seeming inequalities, and respective distributions in this world, to an equality and recompensive Justice in the next.

This is that one day, that shall include and comprehend all that went before it, wherein as in the last scene, all the Actors must enter to compleat and make up the Catastrophe of this great peece. This is the day, whose onely memory hath power to make us honest in the darke, and to be virtuous without a witnesse. *Ipsa sui pretium virtus sibi*, that vertue is her owne reward, is but a cold principle, and not able to maintaine our variable resolutions in a constant and setled way of goodnesse. I have practized that honest artifice of *Seneca*, and in my retired and solitary imaginations, to detaine me from the foulness of vice, have fancyed to my selfe the presence of my deare and worthyest friend, before whom I should lose
my

my head, rather then be vitious, yet herein I found that there was nought but morall honesty, and this was not to be vertuous for his sake who must reward us at the last day. I have tryed if I could have reached that great resolution of his, to be honest without a thought of Heaven or Hell; and indeed I found upon a naturall inclination, and inbred loyalty unto vertue, that I could serve her without a livery, yet not in the resolved venerable way, but that the frailty of my nature, upon an easie temptation, might be induced to forget her. The life therefore and spirit of all our actions, is the resurrection, and stable apprehension; that our ashes shall enjoy the fruit of our pious endeavours; without this, all Religion is a fallacy, and those impieties of *Lucian* and *Eu-ripides*, are no blasphemies, but subtle verities, and Atheists have beene the onely Philosophers. How shall the dead arise? is no question of my faith;

th; to beleve onely possibilities is
not faith, but meere Philosophy; ma-
ny things are true in Divinity, which
are neither inducible by reason, nor
confirmable by sense, and many
things in Philosophy confirmable by
sense, yet not inducible by reason
Thus it is impossible by any solid or
demonstrative reasons to perceive a
man to beleve the conversion of the
Needle to the North; though this
be possible, and true, and easily cre-
dible, upon a single experiment of the
sense. I beleve that our estranged
and divided ashes shall unite againe,
that our separated dust after so many
pilgrimages and transformations in-
to the parts of mineralls, Plants, Ani-
mals, Elements, shall at the voyce of
God returne into their primitive
shapes, and joyne againe to make up
their primary & predestinate formes.
As at the Creation, there was a sepa-
ration of the confused masse into its
species, so at the destruction thereof
shall

shall be a separation into its distinct individuals. As at the Creation of the world, all that distinct species that we behold, lay involved in one masse till the fruitfull voyce of God separated this united multitude into its severall species: so at the last day, when those corrupted reliques shall be scattered in the wilderness of formes and seeme to have forgot their proper habits, God by a powerful voyce shall command them backe into their proper shapes, and call them out by their single and individuals: There shall appeare the fertility of *Adam* and the magicke of that sperme that hath dilated into so many millions: what is made to be immortall, Nature cannot, nor will the voyce of God destroy.

Those bodies that wee behold to perish, were in their created natures immortall, and liable unto death, but accidentally, and upon forfeit, and therefore they owe not that na-

tural

naturall homage unto death, as other bodies doe; but may be restored to immortality with a lesser miracle, as by a bare, and easie revocation of course returne immortall. I have often beheld as a miracle, that artificiall resurrection and vivification of *Mercury*, how being mortified in a thousand shapes, it assumes againe its owne, and returnes into its numericall selfe.

Let us speake naturally, and as Philosophers, the formes of alterable bodies in those sensible corruptions perish not; nor as we imagine, wholly quit their mansions, but retire and contract themselves into those secret and unaccessable parts, where they may best protect themselves against the action of their Antagonists. A plant or vegetable consumed to ashes, to a contemplative and schoole Philosopher seemes utterly destroyed, and the forme to have taken his leave for ever: But to a subtile Artist

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the formes are not perished, but with-
drawne into their combustible part,
where they lie secure from the action
of that devouring element. This
make good by experience, and can
from the ashes of a plant revive the
plant, and from its cinders recall
it to its stalk and leaves againe. What
the Art of man can doe in these infe-
riour pieces, what blasphemy is it to
imagine the finger of God cannot
doe in those more perfect and sensible
structures? This is that mysticall Phi-
losophy, from whence no true Schol-
ler becomes an Atheist, but from the
visible effects of nature, growes up a
reall Divine, and beholds not as in a
dreame, as *Ezekiel*, but in an ocular
and visible object the types of his re-
surrection. Now, the necessary Mani-
fessions of our restored selfe, are these
two contrary incompatible places we
call Heaven and Hell; to define
them, or strictly to determine where
and where these are, surpasseth my
divinity.

divinity. That elegant Saint, which seemed to have a glimpse of Heaven, hath left but a negative description thereof; Which neither eye hath seen, nor eare hath heard; nor can enter into the heart of man: he was translated out of himselfe to behold it, but being returned into himselfe could not expresse it. Saint *Johns* description by Emeralds, Chrysolites, and precious stones, is too weake to expresse the materiall Heaven wee behold. Briefely therefore, where the soule hath the full measure, and complement of happinesse, where the boundlesse appetite of the spirit remains compleatly satisfied, that it can neither desire addition nor alteration; that I think is truly Heaven: and this can only be in the enjoyment of that essence, whose infinite goodnesse is able to terminate the desires of it selfe, and the unchangeable wishes of ours; where ever God will thus manifest himselfe;

there is Heaven, though within the circle of this sensible world.

Thus the sense of man may be in Heaven any where within the limits of his owne proper body, and when it ceaseth to live in the body, it may remaine in its own soule, that is its Creator. And thus we may say that Saint *Paul*, whether in the body, or out of the body, was yet in Heaven. To place it in the Empyriall, or beyond the tenth Spheere, is to forget the worlds destruction; for when this sensible world shall be destroyed, and shall then be here as it was there, an Empyriall Heaven, a *quasi vacuitie*, when to aske where Heaven is, is to demand where the presence of God is, or where we have the glory of that happy vision. *Moses* that was bred up in all the learning of the Egyptians, committed a grosse absurdity in Philosophy, when with the eyes of flesh he desired to see God, and petitioned his Maker, that is truth it self.

to contradiction. Those that imagine Heaven and Hel neighbours, and conceive a vicinity betweene those two extreames, upon consequence of the Parable, where *Dives* discoursed with *Lazarus* in *Abrahams* bosom; doe too grossely conceive of those glorified creatures, whose eyes shall easily out-see the Sunne, and behold without a Perspective, the extreamest distances: for if there shall be in our glorified eyes, the faculty of sight and reception of objects, I could thinke the visible species there to be in as unlimitable a way as now the intellectuals. I grant that two bodies placed beyond the tenth Spheare, or in a vacuity, according to *Aristotles* Philosophy, could not behold each other, because there wants a body or Medium to have and transport the visible rayes of the object unto the sense, but when there shall be a generall defect of either Medium to convey, or light to prepare and dispose

that Medium, and yet a perfect vision, we must suspend the rules of our Philosophy, and make all good by a more absolute piece of Opicks. I cannot tell how to say that fire is the essence of hell, I know not what to make of Purgatory, or conceive a flame that can neither prey upon, nor purifie the substance of a soule; those flames of sulphure mentioned in the Scriptures, I take not to be understood of this present Hell, but of that to come where fire shall make up the complement of our tortures, and have a body or subject wherein to manifest its tyranny: Some who had the honour to be text. in divinity, are of opinion it shall be the same specifically fire with ours. This is hard to conceive, yet can I make good how even that may prey upon our bodies, and yet not consume us: for in this material world, there are bodies that passed invincible in the powerfull flames, and though by action of the fire

fire they fell into ignition and liquation, yet will they never suffer a destruction: I would know how *Moses* with an actuall fire calcind, or burnt the golden Calfe into powder: for that mysticall mettle of gold, whose solary and celestiall nature I adore, exposed unto the violence of fire, grows only hot and liquifies, but consumeth not: so when the consumable & volatile pieces of our bodies shall be refined into a more impregnable and fixed temper like gold, though they suffer from the action of the flames, they shall never perish, but lie immortall in the armes of fire.

And surely if this frame must suffer onely by the action of this element, there will many bodies escape, and not onely Heaven, but earth will not be at an end, but rather a beginning; For at present it is not earth, but a composition of fire, water, earth, and aire; but at that time spoyled of those ingredients, it shall

appeare in a substance more like
itselfe, its ashes. Philosophers that opi-
nioned the worlds destruction by fire,
did never dreame of annihilation,
which is beyond the power of sublu-
nary causes; for the last and proper
action of that element is but vitrifica-
tion or a reduction of a body into
Glasse, and therefore some of our
Chymicks factiously affirme, yea, and
urge Scripture for it, that at the last fire
all shall be crySTALLIZED and reverbe-
rated into Glasse, which is the utmost
action of that element. Nor need we
feare this terme annihilation, or won-
der that God will destroy the workes
of his Creation: for man subsisting,
who is, and then truly appears a
Microcosme, the world cannot be
said to be destroyed. For the eyes of
God, and perhaps also of our glori-
fied selves, shall as really behold and
contemplate the world in its Epito-
me or contracted essence, as now it
doth at large in its dilated substance.

In the Syen of a Plant to the eyes of God, and to the understanding of man, there exist, though in an invisible way, the perfect leaves, flowers, and fruit thereof: for things that are in posse to the sense, are actually existent to the understanding. Thus God beholds all things, who contemplates as fully his workes in their Epitome, as in their full volume, and beheld as amply the whole world in that little compendium of the sixth day, as in the scattered and dilated pieces of those five before. Men commonly set forth the torments of Hell by fire, and the extremity of corporal afflictions, and describe Hell in the same method that *Mahomet* doth Heaven. This indeed makes a noyse, and drums in popular eares: but if this be the terrible piece thereof, it is not worthy to stand in diameter with Heaven, whose happinesse consists in that part that is best able to comprehend it, that immortall essence, the translated

translated divinity of God, the soul
I thanke God, and with joy I mem-
on it, I was never afraid of Hell, ne-
never grew pale at the description of
that place, I have so fixed my con-
templations on Heaven, that I have
almost forgot the Idea of Hell, and
am afraid rather to lose the joyes of
Heaven, then endure the misery of
Hell; to be deprived of them is a per-
fect Hell, and needs me thinkes no
addition to compleate our afflictions
that terrible terme hath never detai-
ned me from sinne, nor doe I owe
any good action to the name thereof
I feare God, yet am not afraid of
him, his mercies make me ashamed
of my sinnes, before his judgement
afraid thereof: these are the forced
and secondary method of his wise-
dome, which he useth but as the last
remedy, and upon provocation, he
course rather to detaine the wicked,
then to incite the godly to his wor-
ship. I cannot think there was ever any
scared

ared into Heaven, they goe the fa-
st way to Heaven, that would serve
God without a Hell, other Mercina-
es that crouch unto him in feare of
Hell, though they terme themselves
the servants, are indeed but the slaves
of the Almighty: and to be true, and
peake my soule, when I survey the
occurrences of my life, and call into
account the finger of God, I can per-
ceive nothing but an abyffe and masse
of mercies, either in generall to man-
kind, or in particular to my selfe, and
whether out of the prejudice of my
owne affections, or an inverting and
partiall conceit of his mercies I know
not, but those which others terme
crosses, afflictions, judgements, mis-
fortunes, to me who enquire farther
into them then visible effects, they
both appeare, and in effect have ever
proved the secret and dissembled fa-
vours of his affection. It is a singular
piece of wisdom to apprehend tru-
th, and without passion the worke of
God,

God, and so well to distinguish justice from his mercy, as not misc those noble attributes; yet it is likewise an honest piece of Logick to dispute and argue the proceedings of God, as to distinguish even his judgments into mercies. For God is mercifull unto all, because to the worst that the best deserve, and to say he punisheth none in this world, though it bee a Paradox, is no absurdity. To one that hath committed murder, if the Judge should say, onely ordaine a Fine, it were madnesse to call this punishment, and to repine at the sentence, rather then admire the clemency of the Judge. Thus our offences being mortall and deserving not onely death, but damnation, if the goodnesse of God be content to traverse and passe them over with a losse, misfortune, or disease; what frensie were it to term this a punishment, rather then an extremity of mercy, to groane under the

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th the rod of his judgements, rather then
ifc admire the Scepter of his mercies:
s like therefore to adore, honour, and ad-
to admire him, is a debt of gratitude due
gs from the obligation of our nature,
judgements, and conditions, and with these
me thoughts, he that knowes them best.
vort will not deny that I adore him, that I
y have braine Heaven, and the blisse there-
ough, is accidentall, and not the intended
of my devotion, it being a fe-
mity I can neither thinke to deserve,
oul nor scarce in modesty to expect. For
re these two ends of us all, either as re-
anwards, or punishments, are merciful-
they ordained and disproportionally
dge disposed unto our actions, the one be-
tallng farre beyond our deserts, the o-
butter so infinitely below our demerits.
God There is no salvation to those that be-
neve not in Christ, that is, say some,
since his Nativity, and as Divinity
me affirmeth before also, which makes
ex me much apprehend the end of those
the honest Worthies and Philosophers
the which

which died before his Incarnation. It is hard to place those soules in Hell whose life doth teach us vertue on earth, me thinkes amongst those many subdivisions of Hell, there might have beene one Limbo left for those. What strange vision will it be to see their poetickall fictions converted into verities, and their imagined and fancied furies, into reall Devils: how strange to them will sound the History of *Adam*, when they shall suffer for him they never heard of? when they that derive their Genealogy from the Gods, shall know they are the unhappy issue of sinfull man? Is it an insolent part of reason to controvert the workes of God, or question the justice of his proceedings? Could humility teach others, as it hath instructed me, to contemplate the infinite and incomprehensible distance betwixt the Creator and the creature, or did we seriously perpend that one principle of *Saint Paul*, Shall

tion. A vessell say to the Potter, why hast
He made me thus? it would prevent
the arrogant disputes of reason, nor
would we argue the definitive sentence
of God, either in Heaven or Hell,
of men that live according to the right
of sense and law of reason, live but in
into their owne kinde, as beasts doe in
and theirs; who justly obey the prescript
of their natures, and therefore cannot
reasonably demand a reward of their
for actions as onely obeying the naturall
dictates of their reasons. It will there-
fore, and must at last appeare, that all
salvation is through Christ; which
I verily I feare those great examples of
virtue must confirme, and make it
good how the perfectest actions of
earth have no title or claime unto
Heaven: nor truly doe I thinke the
lives of these or of any other were
ever correspondent or in all points
conformable unto their doctrines; it
is evident that *Aristotle* transgressed
the rule of his owne *Ethicks*; the
Stoicks

Stoicks that condemne passion, and command a man to laugh in *Phalaris* his Bull; could not endure without a groane, a fit of the stone or collicke. The *Scepticks* that affirmed they knew nothing, even in that opinion confuted themselves, and thought they knew more then all the world. *Diogenes* hold to be the most vaine-glorious man of his time, and more ambitious in refusing all honours, then *Alexander* in rejecting none. Vice and the Devil put a fallacie upon our reasons, and provoking too hastily to runne from it, entangle and profound us deeper in it. The Duke of *Venice*, that yearly weds himselfe unto the Sea by casting thereinto a ring of Gold. I will not argue of prodigality, because it is a solemnity of good use and consequence in the State. But the Philosopher that threw his money into the Sea to avoyd avarice, was a notorious prodigal. There is no road or ready way to vertue, it is not an

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casie point of art to dis-intangle our
selves from this riddle, or web of sin :
To perfect vertue, as to Religion there
is required a Panoplia or compleate
armour, that whilst we lye not at a
close ward against one vice we lye
open to another: And indeed wiser
discretions that have the thred of rea-
son to conduct them, offend without
a pardon ; whereas under heads may
stumble without dishonour. There
goe so many circumstances to piece
up one good action, that tis a lesson to
be good, and wee are forced to be
vertuous by the booke. Againe, the
practice of men holds not an equall
pace, yea, and often runnes counter
to their Theory; we naturally know
what is good, but naturally pursue
what is evill: the Rhetoricke where-
with I perswade another, cannot per-
swade my self: there is a depraved ap-
petite in us, that will with patience
heare the learned instructions of Rea-
son ; but yet performe no farther then

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agrees

agrees to its owne irregular Humour. In briebe, we all are monsters, that is, a composition of man and beast, wherein we must endeavour to be as the Poets fancy that wise man *Chiron*, that is, to have the Region of Man above that of Beast, and sense to sit but at the foote of reason. Lastly, I doe desire with God, that all, but yet affirme with men, that few shall know salvation, that the bridge is narrow, the passage strait unto life, yet those who doe confine the Church of God, either to particular Nations, Churches, or Families, have made it farre narrower then ever our Saviour meant it. I beleeve many are saved who to man seeme reprobated, and many are reprobated, who in the opinion and sentence of man, stand elected; there will appeare at the last day, strange, and unexpected examples, both of his Justice and mercy, and therefore to desire either, is folly in man, and insolency, even

in the devils; those acute and subtill spirits cannot divine in all their sagacity, who shall be saved, which if they could prognosticate, their labour were at an end; nor need they compass the earth, seeking whom they may devour. Those who upon rigid application of the Law, sentence *Solomon* unto damnation, condemne not onely him, but themselves, and the whole world; for by the letter, and written Word of God, we are without exception in the state of death, but there is a pierogative of God, and an arbitrary pleasure above the letter of his owne Law, by which alone we can pretend unto salvation, and through which *Solomon* might be as easily saved as those who condemne him.

The number of those who pretend unto salvation, and those infinite swarmes who thinke to passe through the eye of a Needle, have much amazed me. That name and compella-

lation of little Flocke, doth not comfort but deject my devotion, especially when I reflect upon mine own unworthinesse, wherein, according to my humble apprehensions, I am below them all, I beleeeve there shall never be an Anarchy in Heaven, but as there are Herarchies amongst the Angels, so shall there be degrees of priority amongst the Saints. Yet is it (I protest) beyond my ambition to aspire unto the first rankes, my desires onely are, and I shall be onely happy therein, to be but the last man, and bring up the Rere in Heaven.

Againe, I am confident, and fully perswaded, yet dare not take my oath of my salvation; I am, as it were sure and doe beleeeve, without all doubt, that there is such a City as *Constantinople*, yet for me to take my oath thereon, were a kinde of perjury, because I hold not infallible warrant from my owne sense to confirme me
in

in the certainty thereof. And truly, though many pretend an absolute certainty of their salvation, yet when an humble soule shall contemplate her owne unworthinesse, she shall meete with many doubts and suddainely finde how much we stand in need of the precept of Saint Paul, *Worke out your salvation with feare and trembling.*

That which is the cause of my election, I hold to be the cause of my salvation, which was the mercy, and beneplacidity of God, before I was, or the foundation of the world, *Before Abraham was, I am;* is the saying of Christ, yet is true, if I say it of my selfe, for I was not onely before my selfe, but *Adam;* that is, in the Idea of God, and the decree of that Synod held from all Eternity. And in this sense, I say, the world was before the Creation, and at an end before it had a beginning.

Insolent zeales that destroy good workes, and rely upon faith, take not

away merit: for depending upon the efficacy of their faith, they enforce the condition of God, and in a more sophistical way doe seeme to challenge Heaven. It was ordered by God, that onely those that lapt in the water like dogges, should have the honour to destroy the *Midianites*, yet could none of those justly challenge, or imagine he deserved the honour: Thereupon I do not deny, but that true faith, and such as God requires, is not onely a marke or token, but also a meanes of our Salvation, but where to finde this, is as obscure to me, as my last end. And if our Saviour could object unto his owne Disciples, and favourites, a faith, that to the quantity of a graine of Mustard seed, is able to remove mountaines; surely that which we boast of, is not any thing, or at the most, but a remove from nothing.

This is the Tenor of my beliefe, wherein, though there be many things
singul

singular, and to the humour of my irregular selfe, yet, if they square not with maturer Judgements, I disclaime them, and doe no further father them, then the learned and best Judgements shall authorize them.



The Second Part.

NOW for the other Vertue of Charity, without which faith is a meere notion, and of no existence, I have ever endeavoured to nourish this mercifull disposition, and humane inclination, which I borrowed from my Parents, and regulate it to the prescribed Lawes of Charity; and if I hold the true Anatomy of my selfe, I am delineated and naturally framed to such a piece of vertue, for I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts, and sympathizeth with

all things; I have no antipathy, or rather Idio-syncrasie, in dyet, humour, ayre, any thing; I wonder not at the *French*, for their dishes of frogges, snailles, and toadstooles; Nor at the *Jewes* for Locusts, and Grasse-hoppers, but being amongst them, make them my common viands. And I finde they agree with my stomach as well as theirs; I could digest a Salad gathered in a Church-yard, as well as in a Garden. I cannot start at the presence of a Serpent, Scorpion, Lizard, or Salamander; at the sight of a Toad, or Viper, I finde in me no desire to take up a stone to destroy them, I feele not in my selfe those common antipathies that I can discover in others: Those nationall repugnances doe not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice, the *Flemish*, *Italian*, *Spaniard*, or *Dutch*; but where I find their actions in ballance with my Country-mens, I honour, love, and embrace them in some degree;

ree; I was borne in the eighth Climate, but seemed forty, beframed, and constellated unto all; I am no Plant that will not prosper out of a Garden. All places, all ages, makes unto me one Country; I am in *England*, every where, and under any meridian; I have beene shipwrackt, yet am not enemy with the sea or winds; I can study, play, or sleepe in a tempest. In briebe, I am averse from nothing, neither Plant, Animall, nor Spirit; my Conscience would give me the lye, if I should say I absolutely detest, or hate the Devill, or at least abhorre him, but that we may come to composition. Is there any thing among those common objects of hatred, that I can safely, I doe condemn and laugh at? That great inquiry of reason, vertue, and Religion, the multitude, that numerous piece of Monstruosity, which taken under, seemes the reasonable Creatures of God; but confused together, make

make but one great beast, and a monster, more prodigious then Hydra. it is no breach of Charity to ex-
those fooles, it is the stile all holy
Writers have afforded them, set
downe by *Solomon* in the holy Scrip-
ture, and a point of our faith to be-
leeve so. Neither in the name of
multitude doe I only include the base
and minor sort of people; there is a
rabble even amongst the Gentry, a
sort of Plebeian heads, whose fancies
move with the same wheele as the
men, even in the same Levell with
Mechanickes, though their fortunes
doe somewhat guild their infirmities,
and their purses compound for their
follicies. But as in casting account, three
or foure men together come short in
account of one man placed by him-
selfe below them: So neither are
troope of those ignorant Doradoes
of that true esteeme and value, as ma-
ny a forlorne person, whose conditi-
on doth place them below their feet.

Let us speake like Politicians, there
is a Nobility without Heraldry, a
naturall dignity, whereby one man is
ranked with another, and Filed be-
fore him, according to the quality of
his desert, and preheminence of his
good parts. Though the corruption
of these times, and the byas of this
present practise wheele another way,
thus it was in the first and primitive
Common-wealth, and is yet in the
Integrity and Cradle of well-ordered
politics, til corruption getteth ground,
which desires labouring after that
which wiser considerations contemn,
every one having a liberty to amasse
and heape up riches, and therewith a
license or faculty to doe or purchase
any thing. The generall and indiffe-
rent temper of mine, doth more
sincerely dispose me to this noble ver-
tue. It is a happinesse to be borne and
framed unto vertue, and to grow up
from the seeds of nature, rather then
the inoculation and forced graffes of
edu-

education, yet if we are directed
ly by our particular Natures, and
gulate our inclinations by no high
rule then that of our reasons, we
are but Moralists; Divinity will
call us Heathens. Therefore this gre
worke of Charity, must have oth
motives, ends, and impulsions: I gi
no almes to satisfie the hunger of m
Brother, but to fulfill and accompli
the Will and Command of my God
I draw not my purse for his sake tha
demands it, but his that enjoyned
I relieve no man upon the Rhetorick
of his miseries, nor to content min
owne commiserating disposition, fo
this is still but morall Charity, an
an act that oweth more to passio
then reason. He that relieves anothe
upon the bare suggestion and bowels
of pity, doth not so much for his sake
as for his owne: for by compassion
we make others miseries our owne
and so by relieving them, we relieve
our selves also.

It is an erroneous conceite to re-
asse other mens misfortunes upon
common considerations of merci-
ful natures, that it may be one day
in owne case, for this is a sinister,
and politicke kind of Charity, where-
we seeme to bespeake the pities of
Heaven, in the like occasions; and I have
observed that those professed Elec-
tiosynaries, though in a croud or mul-
titude, doe yet place their petitions
in a few and selected persons.

There is surely a Physiognomy,
which those experienced and Master
endicants observe, whereby they
instantly discover a mercifull aspect,
and will single out a face, wherein
they spy the signatures and markes of
Heaven: for there are mystically in our
faces certaine characters which carry
with them the motto of our Soules,
wherein he that can read *A.B.C.* may
read our natures. I behold moreover
that there is a Physiognomy, or Phy-
siognomy, not onely of men, but of
Plants,

Plants, and Vegetables; and in every one of them, some outward figures which hang as signes or busb of their inward formes.

The finger of God hath left an inscription upon all his workes, many graphically or composed of Letters but of their severall formes, constitutions, parts, and operations, which aptly joyned together, make one word that doth expresse their natures. By those Letters God calls the Starres by their names, and by the Alphabet *Adam* assigned to every nature, a name peculiar to its Nature. Now there are besides these Characters in our faces, certaine mysticall figures in our hands, which I dare not call meere dash strokes, a Lavole, and at randome, because delineated by pincill, that never workes in vain, and hereof I take the more particular notice, because I carry that in mine owne hand, which I could never review of, nor discover in another.

...e, I confesse, in his acute, and
...rd regular book of Physiognomy, hath
...ude mention of Chiromancy, yet
...beleeve the *Egyptians*, who were
...ever addicted to those abstruse and
...mysticall sciences, had a knowledge
...herein, to which those vagabond
...and counterfeit *Egyptians* do yet pre-
...nd, and perhaps retaine a few cor-
...upted principles, which sometimes
...may verifie their prognostickes.

It is a common wonder of all men,
...how among so many millions of fa-
...veres, there should be none alike; Now
...ontrary, I wonder as much how
...here should be any, he that shall con-
...ider how many thousand severall
...words have been carelesly & without
...udy composed out of 24. Letters;
...y withall how many hundred lines
...ere are to be drawne in the fabricke
...of one man; shall easily finde that
...his variety is necessary. And it will
...very hard that they shall so concur
...to make one portraict like another.

Let

Let a Painter carefully limbe out
Million of faces, and you shall find
them all different, and after all his
art there will remaine a sensible di-
stinction from the patterne of every
thing in the perfectest of that kinde
wherefore we shall still come short
though we transcend or goe beyond
it, because herein it is wide and agree
not in all points unto its Coppy; ne-
doth the similitude of Creatures dis-
parage the variety of nature, nor any
way confound the workes of God.
For even in things alike, there is a di-
versity, and those that doe seeme to
accord, doe manifestly disagree. And
thus is Man like God, for in the same
things that we resemble him, we are
utterly different from him. There was
never any thing so like another, as in
all points to concur, there will e-
ver some reserved difference slip in
to prevent the Identity, without
which, two severall things would not
be alike, but the same, which is im-
possible

possible. But to returne from Philo-
sophy to Charity, I hold not so nar-
row a conceite of this vertue, as to
conceive that to give almes, is onely
to be Charitable, or thinke a piece of
Liberality can comprehend the To-
tall of Charity; Divinity hath wise-
ly divided the act thereof into many
branches, and hath taught us in this
narrow way, many paths unto good-
nesse; as many wayes as we may doe
good, so many wayes wee may bee
Charitable, there are infirmities, not
onely of body, but of Soule, and for-
tunes, which doe require the merci-
full hand of our abilities. I cannot
contemn a man for ignorant,
but behold him with as much pity as
I doe *Lazarus*. It is no greater Cha-
rity to cloath his body, then apparell
the nakednesse of his Soule. It is an
honourable object to see the reasons
of other men weare our Liveries, and
their borrowed understandings doe
homage to the bounty of ours. It is

the cheapeſt way of beneficence, and like the naturall charity of the Sunne illuminates another without obſcuring it ſelfe. To be reſerved in this part of goodneſſe, is the ſordideſt piece of covetouſneſſe, and more contemptible then the pecuniary avarice. To this (as calling my ſelfe a Scholler) I am obliged by the duty of my condition, I make not therefore my head a grave, but a treaſury of knowledge, I intend no Monopoly, but a Community in learning, I ſtudy not for my owne ſake only, but for theirs that ſtudy not for themſelves. I envy no man that knowes more then my ſelfe, but I pity them that knowleſſe. I inſtruct no man as an exerciſe of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nourish and keepe it alive in mine owne head, then beget and ingender it in his, in the miſt of all my endeavours there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts muſt periſh with my ſelf,

nor

nor can be Legacyed among my honoured Friends. I cannot fall out or contemne a man for an errour, or conceive why a difference in opinion should divide our affections: for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in Philolophy, and in Divinity, if they meete with discreet and peaceable natures, doe not infringe the Lawes of Charity in all disputes; so much as there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose, for then reasons, like a bad hound spends upon a false sent, and forsakes the question first started. And this is one reason why controversies are never determined, for though they be amply proposed, they are scarce at all handled, they doe so wander with unnecessary Digressions, and the Parenthesis of the party, is often as large as the maine discourse upon the Subject. The Foundations of Religion are already established, and the principles of Salvation subscribed unto

by all, there remaines not one controverſie that is worth a paſſion, and yet never any diſputed without, not onely in Divinity, but in inferiour Arts: What a *Βαττοχομνομαχία*, and hot skirmiſh is betwixt S. and T. in *Lucian*? ſo doth Grammarians hacke and flaſh for the Genitive caſe in *Jupiter*. How many Synods have been aſſembled and angerly broke up againe about a line in *Propria quæ Maribus*? How do they break their owne pates to ſalve that of *Priſcian*? *Si foret interris rideret Democritus*. Yea, even amongſt wiſer militants, how many wounds have beene given, and credits ſhamed for the poore victory of an opinion or beggerly conqueſt of a diſtinction? Schollers are men of peace, they beare no arms, but their tongues are ſharper then *Actius* his razor, their pens carry farther, and give a lowder report then thunder, I had rather ſtand in the ſtroke of a *Baſiliſco* then in the fury of a mercileſſe pen.

It is not meere zeale to Learning, or devotion to the Muses, that wiser Princes Patron the Arts, and carry an indulgent respect unto Schollers, but a desire to have their names eternized by the memory of their Writings, and a feare of the revengefull pen of succeeding ages: for these are men, that when they have played their parts, and had their *exits*, must step out and give the morall of their Scenes, and deliver unto posterity an Inventory of their vertues and vices. And surely there goes a great deale of conscience to the compiling of an History, and there is no reproach to the scandall of a Story. It is such an Authenticke kind of falsehood that with authority belies our good names to all Nations and Posterities.

There is another offence to Charity, w^{ch} no Author hath ever written of, & few take notice of, & that's the reproach, not of whole professions, myseries & conditiōs, but of whole nations,

ons, wherein lye opprobrious Epithets that we must call each other, and upon uncharitable Logicke from a disposition in a few conclude a habit in all.

*Le mutin Anglois et le Brenach Escossois,
Le bougre Italion & le fol Francois,
Le poutron Romane et le tarron Gascoin,
Le Espagnol superb et le Almain jurogn.*

S. Paul that calts the Cretians lyars, doth it but indirectly and upon quotation of their owne Poet. It is as bloudy a thought in one way as Neroes was in another.

For by a word we wound a thousand, & at one blow assassine the Honor of a Nation. It is a compleat piece of madnesse to miscall and raile against the times, or thinke to recall mento reason, by a fit of passion: *Democritus* that thought to laugh the times into goodnesse, seemes to me as deeply Hypochondriack, as *Heraclitus* that bewailed them; it moves not my spleene to behold the multitude

rude in their proper humours, that is, in their fits of folly and madnesse, as well understanding that Wisdome is not common to the World, and that it is the priviledge of a few to be vertuous.

They that endeavour to abolish vice destroy also vertue, for contraries, though they destroy one another, are yet in life of one another. Thus vertue (abolish vice) is an Idea; againe, the community of sinne doth not desparage goodnesse, for when vice gaines upon the major part, vertue, in whom it remaines, becomes more excellent, and being lost in some, multiplies its goodnesse in another which remaines untouched, and persists intire in the generall inundation. I can therefore behold vice without a sature content, onely with an admonition, or instructive apprehension; for Noble natures, and such as are capable of goodnesse, are not railed into vice, and maintaine the

cause of injured truth : no man can justly censure or condemne another, because indeed no man truely knows another.

This I perceive in my selfe, for I am in the dark to al the world, & my nearest friends behold me but in a cloud, thoe that know me but superficially, thinke lesse of me then I doe of my selfe ; those of my neere acquaintance thinke more ; God, who truely knows me, knows that I am nothing, for he beholds me, and all the world, who looks not on us through a divided ray, or a trajection of a sensible species, but beholds the substance without the helpes of accidents, and the formes of things, as we their operations. Further, no man can judge another, because no man knowes himselfe, for we censure others but as they disagree from that humour w^{ch} we fancy laudable in our selves, and commend others but for that wherein they seeme to quadrate and
con-

consent with us. So that in conclusion, all is but that we all condemne, self-love, which is the generall complaint of these times, and perhaps of those past, that charity growes cold; which I perceive most verified in those which most doe magnifie their fires and flames of zeale; for it is a vertue that best agrees with coldest natures, and such as are complexioned for humility: But how shall wee expect charity towards others, when we are uncharitable to our selves? and charity beginnes at home, in the booyce of the world, yet is every man his owne greatest enemy, and as it were, his owne executioner. *Non occides*, is the Commandement of God, yet scarce observed by any man, for we perceive every man is his owne Atropos, and lends a hand to cut the thread of his owne dayes. *Cain* was not therefore the first murtherer, but *Adam*, who brought in death; wherefore he beheld the practise and example

ple in his own son *Abel*, and saw the
verified in the experience of others
which faith could not perswade him
in the Theory of himselfe.

There is no man that apprehends
his owne miseries lesse then my selfe
and no man that so neerely apprehends
another. I could lose an arm
without a teare, and with few groans
me thinkes, be quartered into pieces
yet can I weepe most seriously at
Play, and receive with a true passion
the counterfeit griefs of those known
and professed impostures. It is a barbarous
part of inhumanity to add affliction
unto any afflicted parties misery, or
endeavour to multiply in any man
compassion, whose single nature is already
above his patience, and this was
the greatest affliction of *Job*, and
those oblique exhortations of his
friends a deeper injury then the
downe-right blowes of the Devils
It is not the teares of our eyes onely
but of our friends also, that doe

hau

thrust the current of our sorrowes,
which falling into many streames,
runne more peaceably, and are con-
tented with a narrower channel. It
is an act within the power of charity,
to translate a passion out of one breast
into another, and to divide a sorrow
almost out of it selfe; for affliction
like a dimension may be so divided,
if not indivisible, at least to become
insensible. Now with my friend I
desire not to share or participate, but
to ingrosse his sorrowes, that by ma-
king them mine owne, I may more
easily discusse them; for in mine own
reason, and within my selfe I can
command that which I cannot en-
deavoure without my selfe, and within
the circle of another. I have often
thought those Noble paires and ex-
amples of friendship not so truly
histories of what had beene, as ficti-
ons of what should be, but I now
perceive nothing in them, but easie
possibilities, nor any thing in the He-
roick

roie examples of *Damon* and *Pithias*, *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, which I could not performe within the narrow compasse of my selfe.

That a man should lay downe his life for his friend, seemes strange to vulgar affections, and such as confine themselves within that worldly principle, Charity beginnes at home. For mine owne part I could never remember the relations that I held unto my selfe, nor the respect that I owe unto mine owne nature in the cause of God, my Countrey, and my Friends. Next to these three, I doe embrace my selfe; I confesse I doe not observe that order that the Schooles ordaine our affections, to love our Parents, Wives, Children, and then our Friends, for excepting the injunctions of Religion, I doe not finde in my selfe such a necessary and indissoluble Sympathy to those of my blood. I hope I doe not breake the fifth Commandement, if I confesse

love

love my Friend before the neereſt of
my bloud, even thoſe to whom I owe
the principles of life; I never yet caſt
true affection on a Woman, but I
have loved my Friend as I doe vertue,
my ſoule, my God. From hence me
thinkes I doe conceive how God
loves man, what happineſſe there is
in the love of God. Omitting al other,
there are three moſt myſticall unions.

1. Two natures in one perſon.
2. Three perſons in one nature.
3. One ſoule in two bodies.

For though indeed they be really
divided, yet are they ſo united, as they
ſeeme but one, and make rather a du-
plicity then two diſtinct ſoules.

There are wonders in true affecti-
ons, it is a body of *Enigmas*, myſte-
ries and riddles, wherein two ſo be-
come one, as they both become two;
I love my friend before my ſelfe, and
he thinks I doe not love him enough;
ſome few moneths hence my multi-
plied affection will make me believe

I have not loved him at all, when I am from him, I am dead till I be with him, when I am with him, I am not satisfied, but would still be nearer him: united soules are not satisfied with embraces, but desire to know truly each other, which being impossible, their desires are infinite, and must proceed without a possibility of satisfaction. Another misery there is in affection, that whom we truly love like our owne selves, we forget their looks, nor can our memory retain the Idea of their faces; and there is no wonder, for they are our selves, and our affections makes their looks like our owne. This noble affection falls not on vulgar and common constitutions, but on such as are mark'd for vertue, he cannot love his friend with this noble ardour that will in a competent degree affect all. Now if we can bring our affections to looke beyond the body, and cast an eye upon the soule, we have found out the true object

subject, not only of friendship, but charity, and the greatest happiness that we can bequeath the soule, is that wherein we all do place our last felicity, Salvation, which though it bee not in our power to bestow, it is in our charity, and pious invocations to desire, if not procure, and further. I cannot frame any Prayer for my selfe in particular, without a catalogue for my friends, nor request a happiness wherein my sociable disposition doth not desire the fellowship of my neighbour. I never heare the Toll of a passing Bell, whether in my mirth, and at a Tavern, without my prayers and best wishes for the departed spirit; I cannot goe to the body of my Patient, but I forget my profession, and call unto God for his soule; I cannot see one of my his Prayers, but in stead of imitating him, I fall into a zealous oration for him, who perhaps is no more to me then a common nature: and if God hath vouchsafed an care to my
sup-

supplications, there are surely many happy that never saw me, and enjoy the blessing of mine unknowne devotions. To pray for enemies, that is for their salvation, is no harsh precept but the practise of our daily and ordinary devotions. I cannot beleieve the story of the Italian, our bad wishes and uncharitable desires proceed no further then this life; it is the Devill and the uncharitable votes of Hell that desire our misery in the world to come.

To doe no injury, nor take none was a principle, which to my firme yeares, and impatient affections, seemed to containe enough of morality but my more settled yeares and Christian constitution have fallen upon more securer resolutions. I hold there is no such thing as injury, that if there be, there is no such injury as revenge and no such revenge as the contempt of an injury; that to hate another, to maligne himselfe, that the true

way

any way to love another, is to despise our selves. I were unjust unto mine owne conscience, if I should say I am at variance with any thing like my selfe, I finde there are many pieces in this our owne fabricke of man; and this frame is raised upon a masse of Antipathies: I am one me thinks, but as the world wherein notwithstanding there are a swarme of distinct essences, and in them another world of contrarieties, which carry private and domestick enemies within, publike and more hostile adversaries without.

The Devill that did but buffet Saint *Paul*, playes me thinkes at sharp with me: Let me be nothing if within the compasse of my selfe, I do not find the battell of *Lepanto*, passion against passion, reason against faith, faith against the Devill, and my conscience against all. There is another man within me, rebukes, commands, and dastards me. I have no conscience of Marble to resist the hammer of more
L heavie

heavie offences, nor yet too soft and waxen, as to take the impression of each single peccadillo or scape of infirmity: I am of a strange beliefe, that it is as easie to be forgiven some sins, as to commit some others. For my originall sinne, I hold it to be washed away in my Baptisme; for my actual transgressions I compute and reckon with God, but from my last repentance, Sacrament or absolution: And therefore am not terrified with the sinnes or madnesse of my youth. I thanke the goodnesse of God I have no sinnes that want a name, I am not singular in offences, my transgressions are Epidemicall, & from the common breath of our corruption, yet even those common and *quotidian* infirmities that so necessarily attend me, and doe seeme to be my very nature; have so dejected me, so broken the estimation that I should have otherwise, that I repute my selfe the most abjectest piece of mortality, that I detest

mine

mine owne nature, and in my retired imaginations cannot withhold my hands from violence on my selfe: Divines prescribe a fit of sorrow to repentance, there goes indignation, anger, sorrow, hatred, into mine, passions of a contrary nature, which neither seeme to suite with this action, nor my proper constitution. It is no breach of charity to our selves to be at variance with our vices, nor to abhorre that part of us, which is an enemy to the ground of charity, our God; wherein we doe but imitate our great selves the world, whose divided Antipathies and contrary faces doe yet carry a charitable regard to the whole by their particular discords, preserving the common harmony, and keeping in fetters those powers whose rebellions once Masters might be the ruine of all. I thanke God amongst those millions of vices, that I doe inherit and hold from *Adam*, I have escaped one, and that is a mortal

tall enemy to charity, the first and Father sinne, not of man, but of Devils, Pride, a vice whose name is comprehended in a Monosyllable, but in its nature circumscribed with a world; I have escaped it in a condition that can hardly avoyd it: those petty acquisitions and reputed perfections that advance and elevate the conceits of other men, adde no feathers unto mine; I have seene a Grammarian toure, and plume himselfe over a single line in *Horace*, and shew more pride in the construction of one Ode, then the Author in the composure of the whole booke. For my owne part besides the *Fargon* and *Patonis* of severall Provinces, I understand no lesse then sixe Languages, yet I protest I have no higher conceit of myselfe then had our Fathers before the confusion of *Babel*, when there was but one Language in the world, and none to boast himselfe either Linguist or Criticke. I have not onely seene
severall

severall Countries, beheld the nature of their climes, the Chorography of their Provinces, Topography of their Cities, but understood their severall Lawes, Customes and Policies, yet cannot all this perswade the dulnesse of my spirit unto such an opinion of my selfe, as I behold in nimble and conceited heads, that never looked a degree beyond their nest. I know the names, and somewhat more of all the starres in my Horizon, yet I have seene a prating Mariner that could onely name the points and the North Starre out-talk me, and conceit himselfe a whole Spheare above me. I know almost all the Plants of my time, and of those about me, yet me thinks I doe not know so many as when I did but know an hundred, and had scarcely ever simplified further then Cheap-side: for indeed heads of capacity, and such as are not full with a handfull, or easie measure of knowledge, think

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they know nothing, till they know all, which being impossible, they fall upon the opinion of *Socrates*, and only know they know not any thing; I cannot thinke that *Homer* pinde away upon the riddle of the Fisherman, or that *Aristotle*, who understood the uncertainty of knowledge, and confessed so often the reason of man too weake for the worke of nature, did ever drowne himselfe upon the flux, and reflux of *Euripus*: we doe but learne to day, what our better advanced judgements will reach to morrow: and *Aristotle* doth instruct us, as *Plato* did him; that is, to confute himselfe. I have runne through all sorts, and finde no rest in any, though out first studies and junior endeavors may stile us Peripateticks, Stoicks, or Academicks, yet I perceiue the wisest heads prove at last, almost all Scepticks, and stand like *Farm* in the field of knowledge. I have therefore on common and authenticke Philoso-
phy

phy I learned in the Schooles, whereby I discourse and satisfie the reason of other men, another more reserved and drawne from experience, whereby I content mine owne selfe. *Solomon* that complained of ignorance in the height of knowledge, hath not onely humbled my conceits, but discouraged my endeavours. There is yet another conceit that hath made me shut my bookes, which tels me it is a vanity to waste our dayes in the blind pursuit of knowledge, it is but attending a little longer, and we shall enjoy that by instinct and infusion which we endeavour all here by labour and inquisition: it is better to sit downe in a modest ignorance, and rest contented with the naturall blessing of our owne reasons, then buy the uncertaine knowledge of this life, with sweat and vexation, which death gives, every foole gaires, and is an accessary of our glorification.

I was never yet once, and am re-

solved never to be married twice, nor that I disallow of a second marriage, as neither in all cases of Polygamy, which considering the unequall number of both sexes may be also necessary. The whole world was made for man, but the twelfth part of man for woman : man is the whole world and the breath of God, woman the rib onely, a crooked piece of man. I could wish that we might procreate like trees, without conjunction, or that there were any way to perpetuate the world without this triviall and vulgar way of coition ; It is the foolish-est act a wise man commits in all his life, nor is there any thing that will deject his cold imagination more, then when he shall consider what an odde and unworthy piece of folly he hath committed ; I speake not in prejudice, nor am averse from that sweete sexe, but naturally amorous of all that is beautifull ; I can looke a whole day with delight upon a hand-
some

some picture, though it be but of an
Horse. It is my temper, and I like
the better, to affect all harmony,
and since there is musicke even in the
beauty, and the silent notes which
Cupid strikes, farre sweeter then the
vocall sound of an instrument. For
there is a musicke where-ever there is
a harmony, order or proportion, and
thus farre we may maintaine the mu-
sicke of the spheres, for those well
ordered motions, and regular paces,
though they give no sound to the
eare, yet to the understanding they
strike a note most full of harmony.

Whatsoever is harmonically com-
posed, delights in harmony; which
makes me much distrust the simmetry
of those heads which declaine a-
gainst our Church musicke. For my
selfe, not onely for my Catholike o-
bedience, but my particular genius,
I am obliged to maintaine it, for e-
ven that vulgar and Taverne Musicke
which makes one man merry, another
mad,

mad, strikes in me a deepe fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of my Maker; there is something in it of Divinity more then the eare discovers. It is an Hieroglyphicall and shadowed lesson of the whole world, and Creatures of God such a melody to the eare, as the whole world well understood would afford the understanding. In briefe, it is a sensible fit of that Harmony, which intellectually sounds in the eares of God, it unties the ligaments of my frame, takes me to pieces, dilates me out of my selfe, and by degrees, me thinkes, resolves me into Heaven.

I will not say with *Plato*, the Soule is Harmony, but harmonically, hath its neereft sympathy unto musick; thus some, whose temper of body agrees, and humours the constitution of their soules, are born Poets, though indeed all are naturally inclined unto Ryme. This made *Tacitus* in the very
first

first line of his story, falls upon a verse
and Cicero, the worst of Poets, but
disclaiming for a Poet, fall in the
very first sentence upon a perfect
Hexameter. I feele not in me those
ordid, and unchristian desires of my
profession, I doe not secretly implore
and wish for Plagues, rejoyce at Fa-
mines, revolve Ephemerides, and
Almanackes in expectation of malig-
nant effects, fatall conjunctions, and
Eclipses: I rejoyce not at unwhol-
some Springs, nor unseasonable Win-
ters, my Prayer goes with the Hus-
bandmans, I desire every thing in its
proper season, that neither men nor
the times be out of temper.

Let me be sicke my selfe, if some-
times the malady of my patient be
not a disease to me, I desire rather
to cure his infirmities then my owne
necessities, where I doe him no good
me thinkes it is no honest gaine,
though I confesse it to be the worthy
salary of our well-intended ende-
vours:

yours: I am not onely ashamed, but
 heartily sorry, that besides death
 there are diseases incurable, yet not
 for mine owne sake; nor that they be
 beyond my art, but for the generall
 cause and sake of humanity, whose
 common cause I apprehend as mine
 owne: And to speake more generally
 those three Noble Professions which
 all civill Common wealthes doe ho-
 nour, are raised from the fall of *Adam*
 and are not any exempt from their
 infirmities; there are not onely diseases
 incurable in Physicke, but cases
 indissoluble in Lawes, Vices incor-
 rigible in Divinity: if general Con-
 cels may erre, I doe not see why par-
 ticular Courts should be infallible,
 their perfectest rules are raised upon
 the erroneous reasons of Man, and
 the Lawes of one, doe but condemne
 the rules of another, as *Aristotle* the
 fourth figure, because, though agree-
 able to reason, yet was not consonant
 to his owne rules, and the Logick

l, but his proper principles. Again, to
eat, make nothing of the sin against the
holy Ghost, whose cure not onely,
y but whose nature is unknowne, I can
cure the gout or stone in some, sooner
broken Divinity, Pride, or Avarice in o-
thers. I can cure vices by Physic'e,
ally when they remaine incurable by Di-
vinity, and shall obey my pills, when
they contemne their precepts. I boast
nothing, but plainely say, we all la-
bour against our owne cure, for death
is the cure of all diseases. There is
no Catholicon or universall remedy
we know but this, which though nau-
seous to queasie stomachs, yet to pre-
pared appetites is Nectar and a plea-
sant potion of immortality. For my
conversation, it is like the Sun without
and all men, and with a friendly aspect
to good and bad, Me thinkes, there is
no man bad, and the worst, best, that
is, while they are kept within the
circle of those qualities, wherein they
are good, there is no mans minde of
such

such discordance, and of so jarring a temper to which a tuneable disposition will not strike a harmony.

Magna virtutes nec minora vitia, is the posie of the best natures, and may be inverted on the worst, there are in the most depraved and venemous dispositions, certaine pieces which remaine untoucht, which by an Antiperistasis become more excellent, or by the excellency of their antipathies are able to preserve themselves from the contagion of their enemy vices, and persist entire beyond the generall corruption. For it is also thus in natures. The greatest Balsames doe lye enveloped in the bodies of powerfull Corrasives: I say moreover, and I ground upon experience, that poysons containe within themselves their owne Antidotes, and which preserve them from the venom of themselves, without which they were not deleterious to others onely, but to themselves also. But

is the corruption that I feare within me, and the contagion of commerce without me. It is that unruly Regiment within, that will destroy: It is I that doe insert my selfe the man without a Navell, who yet lives in me. I feele that originall canker corrode and devoure me, and therefore *De fienda me Dios de me*, Lord deliver me from my selfe, is part of my Letany, and a first voyce of my retired imaginations. There is no man alone, because every man is a *Microcosme*, and carries the whole world about him, *Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus*, though it be the Apophthegme of a wise man, is yet true in the mouth of a foole; for indeed, though in a Wildernesse, a man is never alone, not onely because he is with himselfe, and his owne thoughts, but because he is with the devill, who ever consorts with our solitude, and is that unruly rebell that musters up these disordered motions, which accompany

company our sequestred imaginations and to speake more narrowly, there is no such thing as solitude, nor any thing that can be said to be alone, and by it selfe, but God, who is his own circle, and can subsist by himselfe, all others besides those dissimilary and Heterogeneous parts, which in a manner multiply the natures, cannot subsist without the concurrence of God, and the society of that hand which doth uphold their natures. In brieft, there can be nothing truly alone, and by its selfe, which is not truly one, and such is onely God: All others doe transcend an unity, and so by consequence are many.

Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty yeares, which to relate, were not a History, but a piece of Poetry, and would sound to common eares like a fable; for the world, I count it not an Inne, but an Hospitall, and a place, not to live, but to dye in. The world that I regard is my selfe, it is
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the Microcosme of mine owne frame,
that I cast mine eye on; for the other,
I use it but like my Globe, and turne
it round sometimes for my recreation.

Men that looke upon my outside,
perusing onely my condition, and fortunes
doe erre in my altitude; for I
am above *Atlas* his shoulders. Let me
not injure the felicity of others, if I
say I am the happiest man alive, I
have that in me that can convert poverty
into riches, adversity into prosperity.
I am more invulnerable then *Achilles*,
fortune hath not one place to hit me;
Cælum ruat, come what will,
Fiat voluntas tua, salves all, so that
whatsoever happens, it is but what
our daily prayers desire in briebe. I
am content, and what should providence
adde more? Surely this is it we
call happinesse, and this doe I enjoy,
with this I am happy in a dreame,
and as content to enjoy a happinesse
in a fancie as others in a more appa-

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rent

rent truth and reality. There is surely a neerer apprehension of any thing that delights each of us in our dreames, then in our waked senses; with this, I can be a King without a Crowne, rich without Royalty, in Heaven, though on earth, enjoy my friend, and embrace him at a distance, without which I cannot behold him, without this I were unhappy, for my awaked judgement discontents me, ever whispering unto me, that I am from my friend, but my friendly dreames in the night requite me, and make me thinke I am within his armes. I thanke God for my happy dreames, as I do for my good rest, for there is a reflection in them to reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happinesse, and surely it is not a melancholy conceite to think we are all asleepe in this world, and that the conceits of this world, are as meere dreames to those of the next, as the Dreames of the night,

to the conceit of the day. It is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seeme to be the embleme or picture of the other; we are somewhat more then our selves in our sleepes, and the slumber of the body seemes to be but the waking of our soules. It is the ligation of our sense, but the liberty of reason, our awaking conceptions doe not match the fancies of our sleepes. At my Nativity, my ascendant was the earthly sign of *Scorpio*, I was born in the Planetary houre of *Saturne*, and I thinke I have a piece of that Leaden Planet in me, I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company, yet in one dreame I can compose a whole Comedy, behold the action in one dreame, apprehend the jests, and laugh my selfe awake at the conceits thereof, were my memory as faithfull as my reason is there fruitfull, I would never study but in my dreames, and this time also would I chuse for

my devotions, but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can onely relate to our awaked soules, a confused and broken tale of that that hath beene past. *Aristotle*, who hath written a singular tract of sleepe, hath not thoroughly defined it, nor yet *Galen*, though he seeme to have corrected it, for those *Noctambulones*, though in their sleep, doe yet enjoy the action of their senses: we must therefore say that there is something in us that is not in the jurisdiction of *Morpheus*; and that those abstracted and ecstasie soules doe walke about in their owne corps, as spirits with the bodies they assume, wherein they seeme to heare, see, and feele, though indeed the organs are destitute of senses, and their natures of those faculties that should informe them. Thus I observe that men oftentimes upon the houre of their departure, doe speak
and

and reason above themselves. For then the soule beginnes to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like her selfe, and to discourse in a straine above mortality. We tearme death a sleepe, and yet it is waking that kills us, and destroyes those spirits that are the house of life. It is that death by which we may be literally said to die daily, a death which *Adam* died before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point betweene life and death; in fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers, and an halfe adiew unto the world, it is a fit time for devotion: I cannot therefore lay me downe on my bed without an oration, and without taking my farewell in a Colloquie with God.

*The night is come like to the day,
Depart not thou great God away.
Let not my finnes, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.*

Keepe still in my Horizon, for to me,
 The Sunne makes not the day, but thee;
 Thou whose nature cannot sleepe,
 On my temples centry keepe;
 Guard me 'gainst those watchfull foes,
 Whose eyes are open, while mine close.
 Let no dreames my head infest,
 But such as Jacobs temples blest.
 While I doe rest, my soule advance,
 Make me sleepe a holy trance:
 That I may take my rest being wrought,
 Awake into some holy thought.
 And with as active vigour runne
 My course, as doth the nimble Sunne.
 Sleepe is a death, O make me try,
 By sleeping what it is to die.
 And downe as gently lay my head
 On my Graves, as now my bed.
 How ere refresh'd, great God let me
 Awake againe at last with thee.
 And thus assur'd, behold I lie
 Securely, or to wake or die.
 These are my drowsie daies, in vaine
 I doe now wake to sleepe againe.
 O come that houre, when I shall never
 Sleepe thus againe, but wake for ever.

This is the dormitory I take to
 bed-ward, use no other *Laudanum* to
 sleepe

leepe; after which I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the Sunne, and to sleepe unto the resurrection.

The method I would use in distributive justice, I also observe in commutative, and keepe a Geometrical proportion in both, whereby becoming equable to others, I become unjust to my selfe, and supererogate that common principle, Doe as thou wouldst be done unto thy selfe.

I was not borne unto riches, neither is it my Starre to be wealthy; or if it were, the freedome of my minde, and franknesse of my disposition, were able to contradict and crosse my fates: for to me avarice seemes not so much a vice, as a deplorable piece of madnesse; to conceive our selves Urinals, or be perswaded that wee are dead, is not so ridiculous, nor so many degrees beyond the power of Helibore, as this.

The opinions of theory and posi-

tions of men are not so voyd of reason as their practised conclusion: some have held that Snow is blacke, that the earth moves, that the soule is aire, fire, water, but all this is Philosophy, and there is no *delirium*, if we doe but speculate the folly and indisputable dotage of avarice to that subterraneous Idol, and God of the earth. I doe confesse I am an Atheist, I cannot perswade my selfe to honour that the world adores, whatsoever vertue its prepared Sublime may have within my body, it hath no influence nor operation without; I would not entertaine a base designe, or an action that should call me villaine, for the Indies, and for this onely doe I love and honour my soule, and have, methinkes, two armes too few to embrace my selfe. *Aristotle* is too severe, that will not allow us to be truly liberall without wealth, and the bountifull hand of fortune; if this be true, I must confesse I am charitable onely

onely in my liberall intentions, and
bountifull well-wishes. But if the ex-
ample of the Mite be not onely an act
of wonder, but an example of the
noblest charity, I can justly boast I am
as charitable as some who have built
Hospitals, or erected Cathedrals: I
have a private method which others
observe not, I take the opportunity of
my selfe to doe good, I borrow occa-
sion of charity from mine owne ne-
cessities; I supply the wants of o-
thers, when I am in most need my
selfe, when I am reduced to the last
penny, I love to divide it to the poore,
for it is an honest stratagem to take
the advantage of our selves, and so to
multiply the acts of vertue, that where
they are defective in one circum-
stance, they may repay their want,
and multiply their goodnesse in ano-
ther. I have not *Peru* in my desires,
but a competence and ability to per-
forme those good workes to which
the Almighty hath inclined my na-
ture.

ture. He is rich, who hath enough to be charitable, and it is hard to be poore, that a noble minde may not finde a way to this piece of goodnes. *He that giveth to the poore, lenderth to the Lord*, there is more Rhetorick in this one sentence then in a Library of Sermons, and indeed if those sentences were understood by the Reader, with the same Emphasis as they are delivered by the Author, we needed not those Volumes of instructions, but might bee honest by an Epitome. Upon this motion onely I cannot behold a Begger without relieving his necessities with my purse; or his soule with my prayers; the scenicall and accidentall differences betweene us cannot make mee forget that common and untoucht part of us both, the soule being of the same alloy with our own, whose Genealogy is God as well as ours, and in as faire a way to salvation; as our selves Statists that labour

to

to conceive a Common-wealth without poverty, doe take away the object of charity, not understanding only the Common-wealth of a Christian, but forgetting the prophecy of Christ.

Now there is another part of charity, which is the Basis and Pillar of this, and that is the love of God, for whom we love our neighbour: for this I think charity, to love God for himself, and our neighbour for God.

All that is truly amiable is God, or as it were a divided piece of him, that retaines a reflex or shadow of himselfe. Nor is it strange that we should place affection on that which is invisible, all that we truly love is thus, what we adore under affection of our senses, deserves not the honour of so pure a title. Thus we adore vertue, though to the eyes of sense she be invisible. Thus that part of our loving friends that we love, is not that part that we embrace; but that insensible part

part that our armes cannot embrace. God being all goodnesse, can love nothing but himselfe, hee loves us but for that part, which is as it were himselfe, and the traduction of his holy Spirit. Let us call to affize the lives of our parents, the affection of our wives and children, and they are all dumbe shewes, and dreames without reality, truth, or constancy; for first there is a strong bond of affection betweene us and our parents, yet how easily dissolved we betake our selves to a woman, forgetting our mothers in a wife, and the wombe that bare us in that that shall beare our image. This woman blessing us with children, our affections leaves the levell it held before, and sinkes from our bed unto our issue and picture of posterity, where affection holds no steady mansion. They growing up in yeares desire our ends, or applying themselves to a woman, take a lawfull way to love another better then our selves.

Thus I conceive a man may be buried alive, and behold his grave in his own issue.

I conclude therefore, and say that there is no happinesse under (or as *Copernicus* wil have it, above) the Sun, in that repeated verity and burthen of all the wisdom of *Solomon*, *all is vanity and vexation of spirit*; there is no felicity in that the world adores. *Aristotle* whilst he labours to refute the Idea's of *Plato*, falls upon one himselfe, for his *summum bonum*, is a *Chimera*, and there is no such thing as his Felicity. That wherein God himselfe is happy, the holy Angels are happy, in whose defects the Devils are unhappy; that dare I call happinesse: whatsoever conduceth unto this, may with an easie Metaphor deserve that name, whatsoever else the world termes happinesse, is to me a story, or apparition, or neat delusion, wherein there is no more of happinesse then the name.

Blesse

Blesse me in this life with the peace
of my conscience, command of my af-
fections, the love of my dearest
friends, and I shall be happy enough
to pity *Caesar*.

These are O Lord happinesse on
earth, wherein I set no rule or limit to
thy providence, dispose of me accor-
ding to the justice of thy pleasure.
Thy will be done, though in mine
owne damnation.

FINIS.

